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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1849.

REVIEWS

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.
Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. Vol. I.—*Southey's Common-place Book.* Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warter, B.D. Longman & Co.

THE circumstance of no literary executor "having been expressly named" in Southey's "latest will"—stated by the biographer in his brief Preface—has occasioned, it would seem, a division of the author's literary remains, and of such services as survivors love to offer to the memory of deceased worth and greatness. By this the public is in some respects a loser. That power of selection which a single competent administrator would have thought it discreet to exercise among a mass of papers all in some degree explaining one another, no less than illustrating their collector's prodigious literary activity—has been precluded by the division in question. It appears as if for some time to come, we may be called upon to receive and examine separate publications, which might with advantage to all parties have been included in materials for Southey's biography or in annotations to future editions of his complete works. The matter is made worse by the fact, that in the Prefaces to the two publications accidentally coupled above the son and the son-in-law of the poet and historian severally plead "clerical calls and studies" and "the engagements of other business," in a case where the unremitting and undivided labour of a ripe scholar and professed author would have hardly sufficed to the production of a complete literary monument within any moderate compass.

In the present notice, the Biography will be exclusively dealt with,—and principally left to speak for its pleasant self. One preliminary remark, however, must be offered, in order that the uninitiated reader may be prepared for an individuality of tone and temper which "by many a mile" separates the work here commenced from the most popular of modern English literary biographies—those, we mean, of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott.

While on former occasions considering the books in the perusal of which Southey found aliment and pleasure, and the tasks which he encouraged his friends to undertake, we have often been struck by a patience with prosy narrative and a passion for details no matter what their importance, singular in one from whose high and large acquirements selectness, if not fastidiousness, of taste might have been expected to result. Indeed, he owned as much himself—"I perceive," says he, "that I should make an excellent correspondent for Mr. Urban, and begin to suspect that I have mistaken my talent, and been writing histories and poems when I ought to have been following the rich veins of gossip and garrulity." Most abundant proof of this propensity exists in the seventeen autobiographical letters addressed "To my dear friend John May" with which the Biography before us commences. In these, traits which can hardly be said to illustrate character or to mark manners are noted with a fond minuteness in which self-consciousness and simplicity have possibly equal shares. The consequences of such a want of keeping are more easily felt than described. A sensation of "familiarity breeding disparagement" will be uppermost in the minds of many on closing this portion of Southey's life. They will find certain of the anecdotes puerile and tedious—and the tracings of character comparatively feeble. The latter suffer for the former. If the moss or the duckweed and the pebbles in the

foreground of a landscape be too minutely finished, the midway mountains lose their greatness and the great trees their importance as masses of shade. Exactitude is excellent and valuable:—but a Denner, by insisting upon every pore, freckle and feature with one and the same mathematical precision, did not make good portraits,—while he did produce pictures which as pictures are excessively disagreeable.

The church register at Wellington, in Somersetshire, of the year 1683 contains the first notices of the Southey family. The earliest of these on record was a great clothier, who had eleven sons:—one a soldier, another a Taunton lawyer who married a Somersetshire heiress. Our biographer's grandfather had been brought up a Dissenter and turned Churchman: but his sister, 'Aunt Hannah,' was a severe Puritan, after the Defoe pattern, "who frequently chastized her niece Mary for going into the fields with her playmates on a Sunday; she and her brothers and sisters, she said, had never been suffered to go out of the house on the Sabbath, except to meetings."

One of the nephews to this acid personage must, we imagine, have troubled her not a little.

"Robert, my father, was passionately fond of the country and of country sports. The fields should have been his station, instead of the shop. He was placed with a kinsman in London, who, I believe, was a grocer somewhere in the city,—one of the eleven tribes that went out from Wellington. I have heard him say, that as he was one day standing at this person's door, a porter went by carrying a hare, and this brought his favourite sport so forcibly to mind that he could not help crying at the sight. Before my father had been twelve months in London his master died. Upon which he was removed to Bristol, and placed with William Britton, a linen-draper in Wine Street. * * Shop-windows were then as little used in this country as they are now in most of the Continental towns. I remember Britton's shop, still open to the weather long after all the neighbours had glazed theirs; and I remember him, from being the first tradesman in his line, fallen to decay in his old age, and sunk in sottishness, still keeping on a business which had dwindled almost to nothing."

This hare-loving youth, who retained his passion long after he became a sober Bristol tradesman, married a Miss Hill; of whom her son has left us a careful picture.—

"My mother was born in 1752. She was a remarkably beautiful infant, till, when she was between one and two years old, an abominable nursemaid carried her, of all places in the world, to Newgate (as was afterwards discovered); and there she took the smallpox in its most malignant form. It seemed almost miraculous that she escaped with life and eyesight, so dreadfully severe was the disease; but her eyebrows were almost destroyed, and the whole face seamed with scars. While she was a mere child, she had a paralytic affection, which deadened one side from the hip downward, and crippled her for about twelve months. Some person advised that she should be placed out of doors in the sunshine as much as possible; and one day, when she had been carried out as usual into the fore-court, in her little arm-chair, and left there to see her brothers at play, she arose from her seat to the astonishment of the family, and walked into the house. The recovery from that time was complete. The fact is worthy of notice, because some persons may derive hope from it in similar cases, and it is by no means improbable that the sunshine really effected the cure. * * She had an excellent understanding, and a readiness of apprehension, which I have rarely known surpassed. * * My mother, who had a good ear for music, was taught by her father to whistle; and he succeeded in making her such a proficient in this unusual accomplishment, that it was his delight to place her upon his knee, and make her entertain his visitors with a display. This art she never lost, and she could whistle a song-tune as sweetly as a skilful player could have performed it upon the flute."

Mrs. Southey's marriage took place in the year 1772; and, after losing her first child, she gave birth to our Laureate on the 12th of August 1774.

Southey's recollections of his own tastes and propensities, and of the objects around him, dated back to the third year of his age. He could recall how he then wept at stories the incidents of which were doleful, even when the intention of the rhyme was grotesque. When he was six years of age, at school under one 'Ma'am Powell,' a woman "with a forbidding face, remarkable for having no eyelashes," he tells us,—

"I formed a delectable plan with two school-mates for going to an island and living by ourselves. We were to have one mountain of gingerbread and another of candy. * * I had a great desire to be a soldier: Col. Johnson once gave me his sword; I took it to bed, and went to sleep in a state of most complete happiness, in the morning it was gone. * * Once I got horsewhipped for taking a walk with a journeyman barber who lived opposite, and promised to give me a sword. This took a strange turn when I was about nine years old; I had been reading the historical plays of Shakspeare, and concluded there must be civil wars in my own time, and resolved to be a very great man, like the Earl of Warwick."

A large part of Southey's earliest childhood was passed under the tutelage of his mother's half sister, Miss Tyler, at Bath. She was one of those characters who rise up—sharp and vivid as life—in the recollections of all possessing humorous observation, when the cry of "exaggeration" is brought against eccentric characters in Fiction. We have recently heard, for instance, more than one person speculate on the possibility of such a person's relative having ever existed as *Copperfield's* Miss Betsey Trotwood, with her resolution to be proprietress of a niece, her donkey-phobia, and her determination to delude herself as to Mr. Dick's sanity and discretion. But Mr. Dickens's angularly benevolent and perverse creation is not more unlike the average Miss Grundy, who is given glibly to denounce such persons as unnatural than was Miss Tyler, whose self and mansion naturally made a lasting impression on the poet in embryo.—

"The house was in Walcot parish, in which, five-and-forty years ago, were the skirts of the city. It stood alone, in a walled garden, and the entrance was from a lane. * * The house had been quite in the country when it was built. One of its fronts looked into the garden, the other into a lower garden, and over other garden grounds to the river, Bath Wick Fields (which are now covered with streets), and Claverton Hill, with a grove of firs along its brow, and a sham castle in the midst of their long dark line. I have not a stronger desire to see the Pyramids, than I had to visit that sham castle during the first years of my life. There was a sort of rural freshness about the place. The dead wall of a dwelling-house (the front of which was in Walcot Street) formed one side of the garden enclosure, and was covered with fine fruit trees: the way from the garden door to the house was between that long house-wall, and a row of espaliers, behind which was a grass plat, interspersed with standard trees and flower beds, and having one of those green rotatory garden-seats shaped like a tub, where the contemplative person within may, like Diogenes, be as much in the sun as he likes. There was a descent by a few steps to another garden, which was chiefly filled with fragrant herbs, and with a long bed of lilies of the valley. * * The parlour door also opened into the garden; it was bowered with jessamine, and there I often took my seat upon the stone steps. My aunt, who had an unlucky taste for such things, fitted up the house at a much greater expense than she was well able to afford. She threw two small rooms into one, and thus made a good parlour, and built a drawing-room over the kitchen. The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a plain green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet: there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with

a curtain to preserve the frame from flies and the colours from the sun; and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw,—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Spenser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I may mention as part of the parlour furniture a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a Cajou nut or a kidney,—the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm chair made of fine cherry wood, which had been Mr. Bradford's, and in which she always sat,—mentionable, because if any visitor who was not in her especial favour sat therein, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired and purified before she would use it again; a mezzotint print of Pope's 'Eloisa,' in an oval black frame, because of its supposed likeness to herself; two prints in the same kind of engraving from pictures by Angelica Kauffman, one of 'Hector and Andromache,' the other of 'Telemachus at the Court of Menelaus,' these I notice because they were in frames of Brazilian wood; and the great print of Pombal, *o grande Marquez*, in a similar frame, because this was the first portrait of any illustrious man with which I became familiar. The establishment consisted of an old man servant, and a maid, both from Shobdon. The old man used every night to feed the crickets."

The lady of this domain had been in her youth "a favourite with Lady Bateman, and spent a great deal of time with her." Miss Tyler had also seen the world, so far as it could be seen during a twelvemonth's residence at Lisbon; and must have been, in her way, superior to prejudices—since she was the person to introduce inoculation in a Herefordshire parish,—and effected a wholesome and curious innovation in the poor-house, by persuading them to use beds stuffed with beech leaves, according to a practice in some parts of France, which she had heard or read of."

But Miss Tyler's domestic management was individual, to say the least of it. Her passion for domestic cleanliness amounted to a *mania*. This can be proved by a notice or two of the Lady taken at a later period, and in another residence.—

"That the better rooms might be kept clean, she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was underground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor, and a skylight (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room, this was more like a scullery), we always took our meals, and generally lived. * * I have seen her order the teakettle to be emptied and refilled, because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. * * She had a cup once buried for six weeks to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favourites were included in that class."

Miss Tyler's ire against matrimony was almost as great as Queen Elizabeth's own, or as *Miss Betsy Trotwood's*. Any servant who changed her condition "was never forgiven by her." Further, she held good temper to be a sign of weakness of capacity,—nourished substantial antipathies,—and tyrannized (for their good she said) over a feeble-spirited female friend and our author's mother. To complete the picture,—

"On gala days, and when she went out, Miss Tyler's appearance and manners were those of a woman who had been bred in the best society and was equal to it; but if any stranger or visitor had caught her in her ordinary apparel, she would have been as much confused as Diana when Actæon came upon her bathing-place, and almost with as much reason, for she was always in a bed-gown and in rags. Most people, I suspect, have a weakness for old shoes; ease and comfort and one's own fireside are connected with them; in fact, we never feel any re-

gard for shoes till they attain to the privileges of age, and then they become almost as much a part of the wearer as his corns. This sort of feeling my aunt extended to old clothes of every kind; the older and the raggeder they grew, the more unwilling she was to cast them off. But she was scrupulously clean in them."

Miss Tyler's dealings with Robert were consistent with all her other proceedings.—

"She would not suffer me to be breeched," says he, "till I was six years old, though I was tall of my age. I had a fantastic costume of nankeen for highdays and holidays, trimmed with green fringe; it was called a vest and tunic, or a *jam*."

Strict disciplinarian, however, though Miss Tyler was, she, too, enjoyed what the lady in the farce calls "her little unbendings." She loved the theatre, having free access thereto owing to her intimacy with a professional friend—and was in consequence held to be an "amateur and patroness of the stage." What was more, she loved actors' company—knew Henderson, and Colman, and Sheridan, and Cumberland, and Holcroft,—and allowed her nephew a liberal share of her treats and traditions. Robert went perpetually to the play, and perpetually busied his brains with the thought of writing plays,—an announcement which will strike as curious many who, like ourselves, have been disposed to range Southey as among the least dramatic of modern poets, though great were his narrative fluency and rhetorical power. All these experiences, however, let the ultimate point be what it might, were so much education for the boy; and this seems to have been carried out with consistent inconsistency in the several schools where his lot was cast. He was first intrusted to the care of one Mr. Foot, "a General Baptist, who had passed into a low sort of Arianism, if indeed he were not a Socinian,"—an old man, whose school had deteriorated, and who was the only preceptor against whom Robert Southey had to charge severity. Next, he was sent to board at Corston, "in the mansion of a decayed family," under Thomas Flower; who left his boarders principally "to the care of his son Charley," being himself absorbed in mathematics and in orrery-making. Thirdly, he was placed with "Mr. Williams, a Welshman," whose strong point seems to have been spelling and calligraphy. All this change of habits, change of methods, change of surrounding objects and playfellows, though doubtless in its way disadvantageous enough, and calculated to destroy intellects of average strength and scope by rendering them desultory, is possibly not the worst sort of training for one who is subsequently to review "all sorts and conditions of men,"—as a historian or as a romancer. A certain amount of experience and of toleration can hardly fail to be engendered by it,—a certain preparatory acquaintance with divers modes of life and opinion must be therein acquired, totally beyond the pale of a course of education more steadily and canonically pursued and accompanied by home auspices less peculiar. Perhaps it was some conviction of this fact that subsequently led Southey to such an undue indulgence for retrospect, let the matter recollected be ever so trivial.

When he was at Williams's school, Robert commenced making verses, and—as we have been told—planning heroic dramas. The Welshman's humble ambitions told to his advantage in giving him that beautiful and orderly penmanship which must have struck every one as so admirable in one who wrote so much as Southey. When at home (that is not at Miss Tyler's) he "was upon a short allowance of books." His father's library—

"consisted of the Spectator, three or four volumes of the Oxford Magazine, one of the Freeholder's, and one of the Town and Country; these he had

taken in during the Wilkes and Liberty epidemic. * * The other books were Pomfret's Poems, The Death of Abel, Aaron Hill's translation of Metopie, with the Jealous Wife, and Edgar and Emmeline, in one volume; Julius Cæsar, the Toy Shop, All the Love, and a Pamphlet upon the Quack Doctors of George II.'s days, in another; the Vestal Virgin, the Duke of Lerma, and the Indian Queen, in a third. To these my mother had added the Guardian, and the happy copy of Mrs. Rowe's Letters, which introduced me to Torquato Tasso. The holidays made amends for this penury, and Bull's Circulating Library was then to me what the Bodleian would be now. Hoole, in his notes, frequently referred to the Orlando Furioso. I saw some volumes thus lettered on Bull's counter, and my heart leaped for joy. They proved to be the original; but the shopman, Mr. Cruett (a most obliging man he was), immediately put the translation into my hand, and I do not think any accession of fortune could now give me so much delight as I then derived from that vile version of Hoole's. There, in the notes, I first saw the name of Spenser, and some stanzas of the Faery Queene. Accordingly, when I returned the last volume I asked if that work was in the library. My friend Cruett replied that they had it, but it was written in old English, and I should not be able to understand it. * * No young lady of the present generation falls to a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's with keener relish than I did that morning to the Faery Queene."

Robert's tastes proved of service to his whimsical benefactress when she was obliged to give up the pleasant house at Bath.—

"When Miss Tyler had lived about among her friends as long as it was convenient for them to entertain her, and longer in lodgings than was convenient for herself, she began to think of looking out for a house at Bristol. * * Mrs. Wraxall, the widow of a lawyer, had heard, I know not how, that I was a promising boy, very much addicted to books, and she sent to my mother requesting that I might drink tea with her one evening. The old lady was mad as a March hare, after a religious fashion. The behaviour to me was very kind; but as soon as tea was over, she bade me kneel down, and down she knelt herself, and prayed for me by the hour, to my awful astonishment. When this was done she gave me a little book called Early Piety, and a coarse edition of the Paradise Lost, and said she was going to leave Bristol. It struck me immediately that the house which she was about to quit was such a one as my aunt wanted. I said so; and Mrs. Wraxall immediately answered, 'Tell her that if she likes it, she shall have the remainder of my lease.' * * This old lady was mother to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who had been bred up, and perhaps born, in that habit-tation. The owner was poor John Morgan's father."

Our young author's habits of composition, again, procured him distinction and ill will when he was at school with the Welshman. A letter descriptive of Stonehenge was pronounced a wonder by the master, and subjected its writer to taunts as one who was "setting up for something above the common."—The reader will have patience with a longer extract than has been hitherto given, for the sake of the good criticism, and for the somewhat merciless picture of an English improvisatore which it contains.—

"It was a good feature in his [Williams's] character that he had a number of poor retainers, who used to drop in at school hours, and seldom went away empty handed. There was one poor fellow, familiarly called Dr. Jones, who always sat at the school in a roar of laughter. What his real history I know not; the story was, that some mischievous boys had practised upon him the dreadfully dangerous prank of giving him a dose of cantharides, and that he had lost his wits in consequence. I am not aware that it could have produced this effect, though it might very probably have cost him his life. Comp. however, he was, or rather half-crazed, and it was such a merry craziness that it would have been wishing him ill to have wished him otherwise. The bliss of ignorance is merely negative; there was a positive happiness in his insanity; it was like a pe-

poetical drunkenness, sustained just at that degree of pleasurable excitement, which, in the sense of present enjoyment, is equally regardless of the future and of the past. He fancied himself a poet, because he could produce, upon demand, a rhyme in the most celebrated doggerel; and the most celebrated improviser was never half so vain of his talent as this queer creature, whose little figure of five feet two I can perfectly call to mind, with his suit of rusty black, his more rusty wig, and his old cocked hat. Whenever he entered the school-room, he was greeted with a shower of welcome; all business was suspended; he was called upon from all sides to give us a rhyme; and when the master's countenance offered any encouragement, he was entreated also to ask for half a holiday, which, at the price of some doggerel, was sometimes obtained. You will readily believe he was a popular poet. The talent of composing imitative verses has become so common in our days, that it will require some evidence to make the next generation believe what sort of verses were received as poetry fifty years ago, when any thing in rhyme passed current. The magazines, however, contain proof of this; the very best of them abounding in such trash as would be rejected now by the provincial newspapers. Whether the progress of society, which so greatly favours the growth and development of imitative talent, is equally favourable to the true poetical spirit, is a question which I may be led to consider hereafter. But as I had the good fortune to grow up in an age when poets, according to the old opinion, were born and not made, and as at the time to which this part of my reminiscences relates, the bent of my nature had decidedly shown itself, I may here make some observations upon the grounds and consequences of that opinion. In the earliest ages certain it is, that they who possessed that gift of speech which enabled them to clothe ready thoughts in measured or elevated diction, were held to be inspired. False omens were uttered in verse, and true prophecies delivered in poetry. There was, therefore, some reason for the opinion. A belief akin to it, and not improbably derived from it, prevails, even now, among the ignorant; and was much more prevalent in my childhood, when very few of the lower classes could write or read, and when in the classes above them, those who really were ignorant, knew that they were so. Sleight of hand passed for magic in the dark ages, sleight of tongue for inspiration; and the ignorant, when they were no longer thus to be deluded, still looked upon both as something extraordinary and wonderful. Especially the power of arranging words in a manner altogether different from the common manner of speech, and of disposing syllables so as to produce a harmony which is felt by the dullest ear (a power which has now become so easy, and therefore is every day becoming more and more a common acquirement), appeared to them what it originally was in all poets, and always will be in those who are truly such; and even now, though there are none who regard its possessor with superstitious reverence, there are many who look upon him as one who, in the constitution of his mind, is different from themselves. As no madman ever pretended to a religious call without finding some open-eyed listeners ready to believe in him and become his disciples; so, perhaps, no one ever composed verses with facility, who had not some to admire and applaud him in his own little circle. This was the case even with so poor a creature as Dr. Jones. And to the intoxication of conceit, which the honest admiration of the ignorant has produced in half-crazed rhymers like him, it is owing that some marvellous productions have found their way to the press. Dr. Jones, by whom I have been led into this digression, was a doggerelist of the very lowest kind. One other such I once met with, when I was young enough to be heartily amused at an exhibition which, farcical as it was, would now make me mournful. He was a poor engraver, by name Coyte; very simple, very industrious, very poor, and completely crazed with vanity, because he could compose off-hand, upon any subject, such rhymes as the bell-man's used to be. Bedford's father used occasionally to relieve him, for he was married and could earn but a miserable livelihood for his family. I saw him on one of his visits to Brixton, in the year 1793, when he was between forty and fifty years of age. His

countenance and manner might have supplied Wilkie with a worthy subject. Mr. Bedford (there never lived a kinder-hearted man) loved merriment, and played him off, in which Grosvenor and Horace joined, and I was not backward. We gave him subjects upon which he presently wrote three or four sorry couplets. No creature was ever more elated with triumph than he was at the hyperbolical commendations which he received; and this, mingled with the genuine humility which the sense of his condition occasioned, produced a truly comic mixture in his feelings and gesticulations. What with pleasure, inspiration, exertion, and warm weather (for it was in the dog-days), he perspired as profusely, though I dare say not as fragrantly, as an elephant in love; and literally overflowed at eyes and mouth, frothing and weeping in a salivation of happiness. I think this poor creature published 'A Cockney's Rambles in the Country,' some twelve or fourteen years ago, for such a pamphlet I saw advertised, by Joseph William Coyte; and I sent for it at the time, but it was too obscure to be found. These are examples of the very humblest and meanest rhymesters, who nevertheless felt themselves raised above their companions, because they could rhyme. I have been acquainted with poets in every intermediate degree between Jones and Wordsworth; and their conceit has almost uniformly been precisely in an inverse proportion to their capacity. When this conceit acts upon low and vulgar ignorance it produces direct craziness, as in the instances of which I have been speaking. In the lower ranks of middle life I have seen it, without amounting to insanity, assume a form of such extravagant vanity that the examples which have occurred within my own observation would be deemed incredible if brought forward in a farce.—Of these in due time. There is another more curious manifestation of the same folly, which I do not remember ever to have seen noticed; but which is well worthy of critical observation, because it shows in its full extent, and therefore in *paris naturalibus*, a fault which is found in by much the greater part of modern poetry—the use of words which have no signification where they are used, or which, if they mean any thing, mean nonsense—the substitution of sound for sense. I could show you passage after passage in contemporary writers—the most popular writers, and some of them the most popular passages in their works, which, when critically, that is to say, strictly but justly, examined, are as absolutely nonsensical as the description of the moonlight night in Pope's Homer. Pope himself intended that for a fine description, and did not perceive that it was as absurd as his own 'Song by a Person of Quality.' Now, there have been writers who have possessed the talent of stringing together couplet after couplet in sonorous verse, without any connection, and without any meaning, or anything like a meaning; and yet they have had all the enjoyment of writing poetry, have supposed that this actually was poetry, and published it as such. I know a man who has done this, who made me a present of his poem; yet he is very far from being a fool; on the contrary, he is a lively pleasant companion, and his talents in conversation are considerably above par. The most perfect specimen I ever saw of such verses was a poem called 'The Shepherd's Farewell,' printed in quarto, some five-and-thirty years ago. Coleridge once had an imperfect copy of it. I forget the author's name; but when I was first at Lisbon, I found out that he was a schoolmaster, and that poor Paul Berthon had been one of his pupils. Men of very inferior power may imitate the manner of good writers with great success; as, for example, the two Smiths have done; but I do not believe that any imitative talent could produce genuine nonsense verses, like those of 'The Shepherd's Farewell.' The intention of writing nonsensically would appear, and betray the purport of the writer. Pure, involuntary, unconscious nonsense is inimitable by any effort of sense."

After such a piece of shrewd thinking and good English as the above, we are hardly disposed to return to the records of Southey's first thirteen years for notices of schoolfellows and school pleasures, to himself interesting—but to the general reader, at best, insignificant. Southey was transferred to Westminster School on the

first of April, 1788; and his next two letters—which close the autobiographical series advertised to—are devoted to Recollections of his new place of study. His "first attempt to appear in print" was in 'The Trifler,'—a sort of school miscellany; but the verses—an elegy on his sister's death—were not thought up to the mark, and were consequently rejected. By way of close to our notice of this separate and complete portion of the volume before us, we shall merely extract an anecdote. The hero of this is also the hero of the Laureate's 'Vision of Judgment.' The heroine is a Madame La Chaumette, a Swiss lady.—

"She was a most lively, good-humoured, entertaining woman; and her conversation was the more amusing because it was in broken English, intermingled plentifully with French interjections. * * There was a Mr. Giffardiere, who held some appointment in the Queen's household (I think he used to read French to her), and was one of those persons with whom the royal family were familiar. Mrs. La Chaumette was on a visit to him at Windsor; and it was insisted on by the Giffardières that she must have one of the Lunardi bonnets (immortalized by Burns) which were then in fashion, it being the first age of balloons. This she resisted most *womanfully*, pleading her time of life and ugliness with characteristic volubility and liveliness, but to no purpose. Her eloquence was overruled; and as nobody could appear without such a bonnet, such a bonnet she had. All this went to the palace; for kings and queens are sometimes as much pleased at being acquainted with small private affairs as their subjects are in conversing upon great public ones. Mrs. La Chaumette's conversation was worth repeating, even to a king; and she was so original a person, that the King knew her very well by character, and was determined to see her. Accordingly he stopped his horse one day before Giffardiere's apartments, and after talking a while with him, asked if Mrs. La Chaumette was within, and desired she might be called to the window. She came in all the agitation or *fuster* that such a summons was likely to excite. The King spoke to her with his wonted good-nature, asked her a few questions, hoped she liked Windsor, and concluded by saying he was glad to hear she had consented at last to have a Lunardi bonnet. Trifling as this is, it is a sort of trifling in which none but a kind-hearted king would have indulged; and I believe no one ever heard the story without liking George III. the better for it."

The above will seem "something of the smallest,"—especially to those who are apt to put constructions on royal courtesies less acquiescent than those of the much-laughed-at Eulogy in hexameters. But as an illustration of Miss Burney's Windsor Memoirs,—in which M. Giffardiere so prominently figures as *Mr. Turbulent*, and the desire of the royal personages for "conversation" is also stated,—the tale of the 'Lunardi Bonnet' is amusing enough, and worthy of perpetuation.

Papers and Proceedings of the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land. Vol. I. Part I.

OUR duty as reporters of all visible signs of the progress of intelligence calls on us for a notice of this publication. It is pleasant to find our brethren at the Antipodes awakening to the importance of cultivating habits of observation among all classes in their new and interesting country. The Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land say, at the conclusion of their 'Report for 1848':—

"Almost every one is in possession of some fact or circumstance connected with the natural history and capabilities or resources of the colony known to himself only. Let all throw their individual and peculiar facts into a common centre—there to become common property—and each individual will be richer by the acquisition of the new facts of others, without being impoverished in any degree by having imparted his own share."

This is particularly true as applied to the

inhabitants of a new country; though it is a truth for the members of those communities, also, which crowd the seats of older civilization. The importance of cultivating powers of observation is admitted,—but the practice of such cultivation is lamentably neglected. That country in which bands of good observers shall be trained must of necessity in the progress of time advance beyond all others in commercial prosperity, and take the lead in every movement which depends on the exercise of thought.

There appears to be much in the principle on which the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land is established that is excellent:—we will therefore devote a little space to its consideration. The Society was founded, under the auspices of Sir J. E. Eardley Wilmot, in 1843, —and in September 1844 the Queen became its patroness. A grant of 400*l.* a-year from the public treasury was confirmed; and it was thenceforward called "The Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land, for Horticulture, Botany, and the Advancement of Science." The nucleus of a public library has been formed in the Committee-room at the Legislative Chamber in Hobart's Town. A museum has been commenced, —which already contains many hundreds of specimens of mineralogy, geology, and various branches of natural history. The Society's gardens are maintained in a high state of ornamental cultivation; and "the Council have sought, by rendering them attractive, and throwing them freely open to the public, to diffuse a love for simple enjoyments, and to establish tastes and habits of a laudable and instructive tendency amongst a class hitherto left to fill up the void of leisure hours with amusement and gratification derived often from questionable, if not objectionable, sources."—The old world, it will be seen, may learn something from the new.

The 'Papers and Proceedings of the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land' are to be published quarterly. The first part—which is now before us—contains the Reports of Joseph Milligan, Esq. Secretary of the Society, 'On the Coal Basins of Van Diemen's Land.' These include the coal-fields of Schouten Island—of Whale's Head and South Cape—of Fingal and East Coast—and of Jerusalem and Richmond. In these Reports, the geological features of the districts, the physical characteristics of the carbonaceous formations, and the commercial value of the bituminous and anthracite coals of each basin are satisfactorily explained after a very careful examination. These Reports are accompanied by sections,—which, owing to the fault of adopting different vertical and horizontal scales, are calculated to convey a wrong impression of the localities represented. Where we have a horizontal section of the scale of 3 inches to the mile, with a vertical scale of 100 feet to 1 inch, it is almost impossible to reduce so exaggerated a delineation to anything approaching to the fact. This was an evil much complained of in the geological sections of former times; but happily now, in nearly all cases, the scales for height and distance are alike,—and their value is thereby much increased. We mention this, in the hope that in all future surveys of any of our colonies this system of employing two scales will be abandoned. The Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land promises to be of the utmost importance to that interesting colony. It will no doubt be the means of obtaining information which will prove valuable far beyond the limits of that luxuriant island of the South Pacific Ocean.

Letters from the Alleghany Mountains. By Charles Lanman. New York, Putnam; London, Delf.

Mammon, the God of this world, is a fickle deity—and in league with the blind goddess Fortune to deceive his votaries. The story of all El Dorados is the same. Excessive cupidity, high hope, hard work, deep disappointment, poverty, or death, are the rule to the adventurers,—good luck, riches, and a happy life the exception.

At the foot of the Alleghany Mountains is "the place of yellow metal:"—a small hamlet so called—or, in the Cherokee, Dah-lon-e-ga. It is the wealthiest gold region in the United States; and has been, therefore, the resort of profligate adventurers for many generations. Since 1838 a branch mint has been established within it. The tales related in the book before us of the inhabitants of this region illustrate and confirm our leading proposition. The village—which, though but of twelve years' standing, has an antiquated appearance, the houses being chiefly built of logs and dark and dingy, though picturesque in form and location—is situated, as Mr. Lanman describes it—

"Upon a hill, and though the country around is quite uneven, having been deeply ravined by atmospheric agents, when viewed in connection with the mountains, (some ten or fifteen miles off,) which seem to hem it on three sides, presents the appearance of a pit to a magnificent amphitheatre. On approaching Dahlonga I noticed that the water-courses had all been mutilated with the spade and pickaxe, and that their waters were of a deep yellow; and having explored the country since then, I find that such is the condition of all the streams within a circuit of many miles. Large brooks (and even an occasional river) have been turned into a new channel, and thereby deprived of their original beauty. And of all the hills in the vicinity of Dahlonga which I have visited, I have not yet seen one which is not actually riddled with shafts and tunnels. The soil is of a primitive character, quite yellowish in colour, composed of sand and clay, and uncommonly easy to excavate with the spade. Heretofore the gold ore of Lumpkin county has been obtained from what is called the deposit beds, but the miners are now beginning to direct their attention to the veined ore, which is supposed to be very abundant in all directions. It is generally found in quartz and a species of slate stone. The gold region of Georgia, strictly speaking, is confined to a broad belt, which runs in a north-eastern and south-western direction from Dahlonga, which may be considered its centre. Several auriferous veins traverse the town, and it is common after a rain to see the inhabitants busily engaged in hunting for gold in the streets. That huge quantities are thus accumulated in these days I am not ready to believe, whatever may have been done in former years. I know not that any very remarkable specimens of gold ore have been found in the immediate vicinity of Dahlonga; but an idea of the wealth of the State in this particular may be gathered from the fact, that several lumps have heretofore been found in different sections, which were worth from five hundred to one thousand dollars. More valuable specimens have been found in North Carolina; but while Virginia, the Carolinas, and Alabama have all produced a goodly amount of gold, I have heard it conceded that Georgia has produced the largest quantity and decidedly the best quality. And now with regard to the fortunes that have been made in this region. They are very few and far between. But by way of illustration, I will give two or three incidents which have come to my knowledge. In passing, however, I may repeat the remark made to me by an intelligent gentleman, that the expenses of digging out the gold in this section of country have ever exceeded the gain by about one hundred per cent. Immense amounts of labour as well as money have been expended, and, generally speaking, the condition of the people has not been improved; the very wealth of the country has caused the ruin of many individuals. The following story is a matter of popular history. After the State Legislature had

divided the Cherokee Purchase into lots and regularly numbered them, it was rumoured about the country that lot No. 1,052 was a great prize, and everybody was on tiptoe with regard to its distribution by the proposed lottery. At that time 1,052 figured in the dreams of every Georgian, and those figures were then far more popular than the figures 54 40 have been in these latter days. Among the more crazy individuals who attended the lottery was one Mosely, who had determined either to draw the much talked of prize or purchase it of the winner, even though it should be at the cost of his entire property, which was quite large. The drawing took place, and 1,052 came into the possession of a poor farmer named Ellison. Mosely immediately mounted his horse and hastened to Ellison's farm, where he found the child of fortune following his plough. The would-be purchaser made known the object of his visit, and Ellison only laughed at the impetuosity of his impatient friend. Ellison said he was not anxious to sell the lot, but if Mosely must have it, he might have it for \$30,000. Mosely acceded to the terms, and in paying for the lot sacrificed most of his landed and personal property. The little property which was left him he was compelled to employ in working his mines; he laboured with great diligence for several years, but he could never make both ends meet, for his mines were not at all distinguished for their richness. In process of time he was compelled to sell 1,052 for what it would bring, and having squandered that remnant of his former wealth, he left the country for parts unknown a veritable beggar. But what is more singular than all, the present proprietor of 1,052 is that identical man Ellison, who is annually realizing a handsome sum of money from the newly-discovered gold ore found in the bowels of his lottery lot. Another instance of good fortune, unattended with any alloy, is as follows: Five years ago a couple of brothers, who were at work upon the Georgian railroad, took it into their heads to visit Dahlonga and try their luck in the mining business. They were hard-working Irishmen, and understood the science of digging to perfection. They leased one or two lots in this vicinity, and are now reputed to be worth \$15,000. And now that it has come into my mind, I will mention another lottery anecdote, which was related to me by an old resident. By way of introduction, however, I ought here to mention that this region is famous for the number and size of its rattle-snakes, and that our hero had an utter abhorrence of the reptile. Among those who obtained prizes at the great drawing, before alluded to, was an individual from the southern part of the State, who drew a lot in this vicinity. In process of time he came to the north to explore his property, and had called at the house of a farmer near his land, for the purpose of obtaining a guide. In conversing with the farmer, he took occasion to express his dislike to the rattle-snake; whereupon the farmer concluded that he would attempt a speculation. Remembering that in going to the stranger's land he might, (if he chose to do so) pass through an out-of-the-way ravine which abounded in the dreadful snake, the farmer beckoned to the stranger, and they took their way towards the ravine. After they had arrived at the spot, hardly a rod did the pedestrians pass without hearing the hiss of a snake or seeing its fiery tongue, and the stranger was as completely frightened as any one could possibly be by a similar cause. In his despair he turned to his companion, and said: 'Are snakes as plenty as this all over the country?' 'I can't say about that, stranger, but one of my neighbours killed about a hundred last year, and I have heard tell that your land is very rich in snakes.' 'Now I ain't a going any further in this infernal region, and I want to know if you have a horse that you'll give me for my land—gold ore, snakes and all.' 'I have, and a first-rate horse too.' 'It's a bargain.'—On the following morning, the stranger, like the hero of the novel, might be seen mounted on a Dahlonga steed, pursuing his devious pathway along a lonely road towards the south pole."

The last instance may be taken as an example of the peculiar moral code which has been adapted to the wants and wishes of the Mammon-worshipper. All stratagems are considered fair in love, war, and "the gold lottery."

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The gold region of Georgia is the richest, both in the quantity and in the quality of its ore. It is a wilderness,—but susceptible of cultivation to the mountain summits. Of a farmer who dwelt in a cabin there our author gives a rude enough portrait. Much better would it be here to work the plough than the mine.—Our traveller was disappointed with the appearance of the celebrated "Track Rock." But it led him to the Valley of Nacoochee—which he describes as altogether charming,—highly cultivated, and dotted with cottages. Its name means "The Evening Star;" and it is surmounted by the *Yonah* (or "Bear") Mountain.—Among the marvels of this region are, the Tuccoah Cascade, the Tallulah Falls, and the Tray Mountain:—all celebrated and described in the present volume. The first of these is called the Tuccoah, or "The Beautiful," on account of one leap by which it is distinguished. A sheer precipice of grey and rugged rock, 136 feet high, has a quiet little lake at its base, surrounded by sloping masses of granite and tall shadowy trees.—

"From the overhanging lips of this cliff, aloft, between your upturned eyes and the sky, comes a softly flowing stream. After making a joyous leap, it breaks into a shower of heavy spray, and scatters its drops more and more widely and minute, until, in little more than a drizzling mist, it scatters the smooth, moss-covered stones lying immediately beneath. All the way up the sides of this precipice cling, wherever space is afforded, little tufts of moss and delicate vines and creepers, contrasting beautifully with the solid granite. There is no stunning noise of falling waters, but only a dripping, pattering, plashing in the lake; a murmuring sound, which must be very grateful during the noontide heat of a summer day. There comes also a soft cool breeze constantly from the foot of the precipice, caused by the falling shower, and this ripples the surface of the pool and greatly agitates the leaves around and overhead."

The Falls called Tallulah, or "The Terrible," are five in number:—*Lodora*, *Tempesta*, *Oceana*, *Honcon*, and the *Serpentine*. They accomplish between them a descent of about four hundred feet within half a mile. The writer says:—

"During my stay at the Falls of Tallulah, I made every effort to obtain an Indian legend or two connected with them; and it was my good fortune to hear one which has never yet been printed. It was originally obtained by the white man who first discovered the Falls from the *Cherokees*, who lived in this region at the time. It is in substance as follows: Many generations ago it so happened that several famous hunters, who had wandered from the West towards what is now the Savannah River, in search of game, never returned to their camping grounds. In process of time the curiosities as well as the fears of the nation were excited, and an effort was made to ascertain the cause of their singular disappearance. Whereupon a party of medicine-men were deputed to make a pilgrimage towards the great river. They were absent a whole moon, and, on returning to their friends, they reported that they had discovered a dreadful fissure in an unknown part of the country, through which a mountain torrent took its way with a deafening noise. They said that it was an exceedingly wild place, and that its inhabitants were a species of *little men and women*, who dwelt in the crevices of the rocks and in the grottoes under the waterfalls. They had attempted by every artifice in their power to hold a council with the little people, but all in vain; and, from the shrieks they frequently uttered, the medicine-men knew that they were the enemies of the Indian race; and, therefore, it was concluded in the nation at large that the long-lost hunters had been decoyed to their death in the dreadful gorge which they called Tallulah. In view of this little legend, it is worthy of remark that the *Cherokee* nation, previous to their departure for the distant West, always avoided the Falls of Tallulah, and were seldom found hunting or fishing in their vicinity."

"The Hunter of Tallulah," Adam Vandever, as much deserves the appellation of "The Terrible" as the Falls themselves. This man, sixty years of age, a native of South Carolina,—who took part in the Creek War by way of frolic,—was a kind of human devil, unsusceptible of fear. Instances of the perils which he ran and of his extraordinary courage are given. His most remarkable escape was as follows.—Vandever

"was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the very brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its tottish foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself on the very spot which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the finest game in the wilderness."

Without following the writer systematically in his wanderings amid the Alleghanies, we will borrow a further extract or two at random.—The following anecdote he gives as illustrating the nature of the panther. On questioning a farmer whom he met with regarding its true character, the latter said:—

"I don't know much about this animal, but I have had one chance to study their nature which I can't forget. It was a very dark night, and I was belated on the western ridge, near the Big Laurel ravine. I was jogging along at a slow rate, when my horse made a terrible leap aside, and I saw directly in front of me one of the biggest of panthers. He soon uttered a shriek or scream (which sounded like a woman in distress) and got out of the way, so that I could pass along. Every bone in my horse's body trembled with fear, and I can tell you that my own feelings were pretty squally. On my way was I still jogging, when the panther again made his appearance just as he had before, and gave another of his infernal yells. I had no weapon with me, and I now thought I was a gone case. Again did the animal disappear, and again did I continue on my journey. I had not gone more than a hundred yards before I saw, on the upper side of the road, what looked like a couple of balls of fire, and just as I endeavoured to urge my horse a little faster, another dreadful scream rang far through the valley. But, to make a long story short, this animal followed me until I got within a half a mile of my house, and, though he ran around me at least a dozen times, and uttered more than a dozen screams, he never touched me and I got safely home. If you can gather any information from this adventure you are welcome to it; but all I know about the animal is this, that I hate him as I do the devil."

The book abounds in legends and anecdotes like those included in the extracts already given. The former are after an old pattern:—the latter have sometimes a piquancy which makes them entertaining. One part of the work is occupied with portraits of celebrated *Cherokee* Indians. These we must send the reader to make acquaintance with in the record itself:—contenting ourselves with the following:—

"In riding down the French Broad, I overtook a gentleman on horseback, who accompanied me about twenty miles. Immediately after the first salutation was passed, and he had ascertained that I was from the eastward, he questioned me with regard to the latest news from China. I was surprised at the

question, and after telling him I had none to communicate, I could not refrain from asking him what was the secret of his interest in that remote empire. He replied that he resided on the French Broad, and was a dealer in ginseng. I had heard of the article before, and knew that it was found in abundance throughout this mountain region. My friend described it as a beautiful plant, with one stem and some twenty leaves at the top, and growing to the height of eighteen inches. That portion of it, however, which is prepared for market is the root. The Chinese are the only people in the world who make any use of it whatever; but with them it has been an article of commerce from time immemorial. It is said to be associated in some way or other with an unexplained superstition. Formerly it was obtained exclusively from Tartary; and the Tartars were in the habit of saying that they could never find it, except by shooting a magic arrow, which invariably fell where the plant was abundant. * * It is used in the same manner that we use tobacco, and to the tongue it is an agreeable bitter. It has been an article of export from this country for half a century, and the most extensive American shippers reside in Philadelphia. It is sold for about sixty cents the pound, and my travelling companion told me that his sales amounted to about forty thousand dollars per annum."

As descriptive of the scenery of Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina—a district strangely neglected by travellers—this volume has original merits. It paints the wilderness in vivid colours,—but renders at the same time express homage to civilization.

Sussex Archaeological Collection. Vol. II. (Second Notice.)

A notice of the Ironworks of Sussex by Mr. M. A. Lower is both valuable and interesting. Mr. Lower adduces evidence to justify the belief that ironworks were established in Sussex in the time of the Romans,—and probably before they set foot in the island: and he thinks it not improbable that the trade may hereafter be revived by the introduction of anthracite fuel.

The earliest actual record of the iron trade in Sussex is believed to be, the murage grant of 1266, made by Henry the Third to the town of Lewes, which empowers the inhabitants to raise tolls for the repair of the town walls.—

"From that period we have data, however slight, for the history of the manufacture. In 1290 a payment was made for the iron work of the monument of Henry III. in Westminster Abbey, to Master Henry of Lewes. * * In 7th Edward I., iron appears to have been smelted on St. Leonard's Forest, and the works were afterwards carried on by the Crown. In 1300, according to Stow, the ferrones, or ironmongers of London, made complaint to Elin Russell, mayor of London, that the smiths of the wealds (*fabri de waldia*) brought in irons for wheels which were much shorter than they ought, according to custom, to be, to the great scandal and loss of the whole trade of ironmongers; and required a remedy, which was accordingly granted. From some incidental notices occurring about this period, it appears that the iron manufactured near the Sussex coast was conveyed to London by water—a proof of the impassable state of the roads in those days. In the 13th year of Edward II., Peter de Walsham, sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, by virtue of a precept from the king's exchequer, made a provision of horse-shoes, and nails of different sorts (*providencias de ferris equorum et clavis pro eisdem, diversimode fabricis*), for the expedition against the Scots. The number furnished on the occasion was 3,000 horse-shoes and 29,000 nails, and the expense of their purchase, from various places within the sheriff's jurisdiction, and their delivery in London, by the hands of John de Norton, clerk, was 14*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.* The Nonne return for the parish of Lynch in Western Sussex, proves the existence of the iron trade there in 1342. It also affords an early instance of metals being subject to tithes: 'Item, decima ferri ecclesie predictae valet per annum decem solidi.' The rector likewise received ten shillings for the tithe of iron ore.

The manufacture is supposed to have increased during the fifteenth century; though Mr. Lower observes, this supposition is based more on the flourishing state in which we find the trade in the early part of the sixteenth century than on documentary evidence.

"There is little doubt that ordnance was made in this county in the fifteenth century. It is believed that some of the old banded guns of wrought iron preserved in the Tower of London and elsewhere, and dating so far back as the reign of Henry VI., were of Sussex manufacture. In the tenth volume of the 'Archæologia,' is an engraving from a drawing by James Lambert, jun., of a mortar, formerly at Eridge Green, in the parish of Frant, and the account given of it is as follows:—It has always been understood that this mortar was the first that was made in England. . . . [It] now lies at Eridge Green, and has served for many years for the amusement of the people on a holiday or fair day, when they collect money to buy gunpowder to throw the shell to a hill about a mile distant. The weight of the shell sinks it so deep into the earth, that it costs no little pains to dig it out after each discharge, which is repeated as long as the money lasts. The chamber of the gun is cast-iron, the other part, as is evident, wrought. From the engraving, the chamber appears to have been polygonal, and the tube to have consisted of many small bars or rods, bound together by nine hoops. This was the original method of constructing these tremendous engines of war.

"These hooped guns were at length superseded by cannons cast in an entire piece, and bored, as at the present day. The invention of gun-founding is ascribed to the French, who appear to have used cast pieces many years before the introduction of the art into this country. The first iron cannons cast in England were manufactured at Buxted, in this county, by Ralph Hoge or Hogge, in 1543 (35 Henry VIII.). This founder employed, as his assistant, Peter Baude, a Frenchman, whom he had probably brought over to teach him the improved method; and Peter Van Collet, a Flemish gunsmith, about the same time, 'devised and cast mortar pieces from 11 to 19 inches bore; for the use whereof they caused to be made bombs, or certain hollow shot, of cast iron, to be stuffed with fireworks, &c. And after the king's return from Bullen, the said Peter Bawd, by himself, in 1 Edward VI., made ordnance of cast iron, of divers sorts, as *fauconets, faucons, minions, sakers*, and other pieces.'

"The manufacture of heavy ordnance gave a great impulse to the iron trade. Many foreigners were brought over to carry on the works. This perhaps may account for the number of Frenchmen and Germans whose names appear in our parish registers about the middle of the sixteenth century. New works were established, and ultimately almost every landed proprietor in the districts where the ore was found became an iron-master. Among the persons engaged in the trade at this period was Richard Woodman, one of the ten Protestant martyrs burnt at Lewes in 1557. He was a native of Buxted, where he probably learned the business. At the time of his apprehension, at the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, he resided at Warbleton, and carried on an extensive trade. In one of his examinations before the Bishop of Winchester, he says, 'Let me go home, I pray you, to my wife and children, to see them kept, and other poore folke that I would set aworke, by the helpe of God. I have set aworke a hundred persons, ere this, all the yeare together.' Several Sussex families, enriched by the iron manufacture, assumed the rank of gentry about this time. This rapid growth of the trade in the wealds of Sussex and Kent was viewed with disfavour by many. Archbishop Parker, writing to Queen Elizabeth, in 1570, says, 'Sir Richard Sackville intends, as I was credibly informed, in this wood [Longbeech Wood, in Westwell, Kent] to erect up certain iron mills, which plague, if it shall come into the country, I fear it will breed much grudge and desolation.' About 1572 much ordnance was exported, in consequence of the Lord Admiral having granted a licence for that purpose to Sir Thomas Leighton, who had made use of one Garret Smith to obtain it of the admiral, and who was, in return for his inter-

vention, to enjoy the deputyship, with a fourth part of the profits; 'but the merchants of London, knowing how this might furnish the enemies' ships to obstruct their trade, and bring other great damages upon the queen and her subjects, petitioned her, in a great body, to withdraw this licence.' The petition was not presented ('whether it were shuffled off by some about the queen'); however, they petitioned again, and in Sept. 1572, a proclamation strictly restrained all transport of iron and brass ordnance, and forbade the owners of all iron works, furnaces, or forges, to make any kind of ordnance larger than a minion. In defiance of these measures, however, the surreptitious exportation of Sussex cannon went on for some years longer. In 1587, the Earl of Warwick, master of the ordnance, dispatched 'a gentleman of his, one Mr. Blincoe,' into Sussex to summon all the gun-founders of the county up to London, to understand his pleasure respecting their further continuance of the manufacture. 'Henry Nevel, and the rest of that occupation,' obeyed the summons, and the matter was referred to the arrangement of Mr. Hockenall, the deputy-master of the ordnance, and Mr. Blincoe. The result was, that a fixed quantity of cannon should be cast annually, for the necessary provision of our own navigation; a certain proportion being allowed to each founder. It was also stipulated that no ordnance should be sold except in the city, and not even there but to such merchants 'as my lord or his deputy should name. The bonds into which the iron-masters entered on this occasion, seem to have been little regarded by them; for, on August 8, 1589, Thomas Lord Buckhurst wrote a letter to the justices of Lewes Rape, complaining of their neglect. 'Their lordshippes doe see the little regard the owners of furnaces and the makers of these peeces have of their bondes, and how yt importeth the state that the enemy of her majesty should not be furnished oute of the lande with ordnance to annoye us.' The lord-treasurer goes on to direct the magistrates to enforce the provisions of the master of the ordnance. Another letter, from the same officer to the justices of the three eastern rapes, dated 6th October, 1590, directs them as to 'straighter restraint of making shott and ordnance, and to take bonds of 1,000*l.* each of every furnace-owner and farmer; and also to forward their bonds, and a list of their names, to him with all convenient speed.

"The great extent which the manufacture had now reached, threatened an evil which had to be warded off by legislative enactments.—I mean the annihilation of timber in the Weald. Up to a certain period the destruction of trees and underwood had been beneficial in clearing the land for agricultural purposes; but so early as the reign of Henry VIII. (1543), it became necessary to enact—that no wood shall be converted into pasture—that in cutting coppice woods at twenty-four years' growth, or under, there shall be left standing and unfelled, for every acre, twelve *standils* or *stovers* of oak, or in default of so many, then of elm, ash, asp, or beech—and that if the coppice be under fourteen years' growth, it shall be inclosed from cattle for six years; 'provided always, &c., that this act do not extend or be prejudicial to any of the lords or owners of the woods, underwoods, or woodlands growing or being within any of the towns, parishes, or places commonly called or known to be *within the Wilds* of the counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, other than to the common woods growing and being within any of the said Wilds,' &c. A series of enactments of similar character succeeded. The act 1 Elizabeth, cap. 15, provides that no person shall convert into coal or other fuel for the making of iron, 'any timber-trees of oak, beech, or ash of the breadth of one foot square at the stub,' within fourteen miles of the sea, or the rivers Thames, Severn, &c. or any other navigable river. The county of Sussex, the *weild* of Kent, and the parishes of Charlewood, Newdigate, and Leigh, in the weild of Surrey, were, however, excepted from the operation of this act. The act of 23 Elizabeth, cap. 5 (1581), declares that 'by reason of the late erection of sundry iron-mills in divers places,' near London, and 'not far distant from the Downs and sea-coasts of Sussex,' decay of timber hath ensued; and forbids, therefore, the converting to coal or other fewel, for the making

of iron-metal in any iron-mill, furnace or hammer, any wood within twenty-two miles of London, or within four miles of the foot of the hills called the Downs, betwixt Arundel and Pemsey, or within four miles of the towns of Winchelsey and Rye, or within two miles of the town of Pemsey, or within three miles of the town of Hastings, under a penalty of forty shillings for every load of wood so employed. 'Provided always, that this act shall not extend to any woods growing or to grow in the weilds of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent,' if eighteen miles from London, and eight from the Thames. It also forbids the erection of any new iron-works within twenty-two miles of London, or four miles of the Downs, or of the towns of Pemsey, Winchelsey, Hastings, and Rye, upon pain of 10*l.* The woods of Christopher Darrell, gentleman, at Newdigate, in Surrey, are exempted from the force of this enactment, on the ground of their having been preserved and coppiced for the especial use of his ironworks in those parts. The act 27 Elizabeth, cap. 19 (1585), renews, 'Whereas by the over great negligence or number of iron-works which have been and yet are in the weilds of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, it is thought that the great plenty of timber which hath grown in these parts hath been greatly decayed and spoiled, and will in short time be utterly consumed and wasted, if some convenient remedy be not timely provided,' and therefore forbids the erection of any manner of iron-mills, furnace, *finary*, or *blowary*, for the making or working of any manner of iron or iron-metal, except upon ancient sites."

What a picture of flashing mills, and roaring furnaces, and that most Tartarian of all noises iron hammers beating on iron—filling, as Camden says, the neighbourhood round about "night and day with continued noise!"—So Drayton:—These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald, (That in their heavy breasts had long their griefs concealed)

Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,
Under the axe's stroke fetched many a grievous groan,
When as the anvil's weight and hammer's dreadful sound,
Even rent the hollow woods and shook the queasy ground:
So that the trembling nymphs oppress'd through ghastly fear,

Ran madding to the Downs with loose dishevell'd hair.
The Sylvens that about the neighbouring woods did dwell
Both in the tuffy frith and in the mossy fell,
Forsook their gloomy bowers, and wander'd far abroad,
Expell'd their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily trade,
Where they in summer wont to sport them in the shade,
Could we, say they, suppose, that any would us cherish,
Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to perish!
To our daily want to minister supply?
These Iron Times breed none, that mind posterity.

Who that knows anything of the delicious quiet of that beautiful Weald—who that has

On its soft downy banks damask'd with flowers,
Or under the shadow of its 'melancholy boughs'
—the only sound

Of leaves and fuming rills—

can believe in this mad Pandemonium of the past?

Of course, and in spite of these legislative follies, the trade and "the waste" if it deserves to be so called, went on, regulating itself by natural laws,—until, in the seventeenth century, there were 140 hammers and furnaces in Sussex.

"The greatest existing remains of Sussex iron are the balustrades which surround St. Paul's cathedral. They were cast at Lamberhurst furnace, and their weight, including the seven gates is above 200 tons. Their cost, according to the account-books kept at the furnace, was 11,202*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*"

We are indebted to the iron manufacturers for those fine sheets of water which still add beauty to the Weald.—"A great deal of meadow ground," says Camden, "is turned into ponds and pools for the driving of the mills; and many of them still remain,—though the "hammers" are often occupied by corn-mills. Some have been drained,—and are now used as hop-gardens and osier-beds.

On the decline and fall of the trade, Mr. Lower observes:—

"The amazing consumption of wood rendered the production of iron in this district more expensive than in those localities where the coal mines and the

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ferrous strata are in close proximity to each other. Upon Sir Roderick Murchison's authority, our wells still contain a much greater quantity of iron-ore, and that of richer quality, than many of the coal fields of England; but for the reason alluded to, competition with those districts was hopeless. In spite, however, of the invention of 'charking' sea-coal, alluded to as a desideratum by Fuller, Sussex still maintained its position as a seat of the iron trade long after the establishment of that process. Even in the days of our grandfathers, cannon continued to be cast in some places, and the great hammer's 'occupation' was not wholly 'gone.' By degrees, however, the glare of the furnace faded, the din of the hammer was hushed, the last blast was blown, and the wood-nymphs, after a long exile, returned in peace to their beloved retreats! Farnhurst, in Western, and Ashburnham, in Eastern Sussex, witnessed the total extinction of the manufacture."

Sussex is just now the high aristocratic anti-manufacturing district; and to hear its orators at their local triumphs one would suppose that they were all autochthones—earthborn—and that no Sussex man had ever defiled his fingers with anything less dirty than mere dirt. Yet the greater part of the noble and the gentle—we mean of course such as had great-grandfathers—are all more or less indebted to the iron trade—grew into wealth and importance in that iron age. Neville and Ashburnham are amongst the earliest and the latest names associated with it. The Burrells (Willoughby de Eresby) had large works at Cuckfield. The Morleys of Glynde—the regicide at least—had works at Hawkesden,—the Fullers of Rose Hill, at Brighton and Heathfield and Waldron; it is, indeed, a tradition of the county that the founder of the Sussex family gained his wealth by hawking nails about it upon the backs of donkeys:—a tradition the truth of which Mr. Lower denies, but does not disprove. With a notice of the fates and fortunes, the rise and fall of some other families, we shall conclude.—

"At Riverhall, in Faircrouch quarter, there were a furnace and a forge worked by the Fowles, a family of considerable note, whose prosperity rose and fell with the iron manufacture. Nicholas Fowle, who carried on these works, built in 1591 the fine mansion of Riverhall, which still exhibits traces of its former grandeur. His son, William Fowle, had a grant of free warren from King James, over his numerous manors and lands in Wadhurst, Frant, Rotherfield, and Mayfield. The fourth in descent, and heir male of this personage, left Riverhall, and kept the turnpike-gate in Wadhurst. His grandson, Nicholas Fowle, a day-labourer, emigrated to America in 1839, with his son John Fowle, a wheelwright, and a numerous young family, carrying with them as a family relic the royal grant of free-warren given to their ancestor. Brookland forge, and Ferndge Forge, on the borders of Frant, at or near Bartley Mill, or Little Shoemiths, were worked by the Barhams of Butts and Shoemiths. John Barham of Butts, in Wadhurst, second son of a younger son of Henry Barham, Esq., lord of Barham, &c., co. Kent, a descendant (according to the Kentish historian and genealogist Philipot) from Robert de Berham, son of Richard Fitz-Urse, and brother of the murderer of Thomas à Becket, was the founder of several branches of the Barhams inhabiting the manions of Great Butts and Shoemiths, the former of which has disappeared and been replaced by a miserable little house. His descendant, John Barham, resided there till about 1713, when he sold the remnants of his paternal inheritance. He died in obscurity in 1732, aged seventy-five. John Barham, grandson of the above-named John Barham of Great Butts, erected or rebuilt, about 1630, the beautifully situated and spacious mansion of Shoemiths, and worked Bartley Mill and Brookland Forges. His grandson was high-sheriff of the county 14 William III., but at his decease his family fell into obscurity. Scragoak works were formerly carried on by the Mansers, and afterwards by the Barhams; and Snape Furnace, the property of the Barhams, was worked by the Culpeper family about the middle of the seventeenth century. David Barham built

the greater portion of the present house at Snape about 1617. He died in 1643, and is interred in the south aisle of Wadhurst Church, beneath an iron slab of very curious workmanship. This estate afterwards passed to the Barhams of Scragoak, who worked the furnace there, and this line of the Barhams terminated with Nicholas Barham, who died in the workhouse in 1778, aged eighty-two. The representative of these once distinguished families, now resident in Wadhurst, is Nicholas Barham, a wheelwright."

How forcibly do such records as the above bring before us the moral of mutation—with its legend, "Passing away"!

Redburn: his First Voyage. Being the Sailor Boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son-of-a-Gentleman in the Merchant Service. By Herman Melville. Bentley.

THE "first voyage" which supplies a title and subject to this new work by the author of 'Typee' and 'Omoo' is simply a voyage from New York to Liverpool and back. Such a field, our readers need not be told, admits of but few adventures and offers little of novelty in the way of observations. We see no reason to pronounce an opinion as to whether the adventures which it does contain are pure fact, pure fiction, or a mixture of both. The humour of the book is borrowed from 'Peter Simple,'—the facts are too simple to suggest the notion of their having been borrowed from any one. In only one passage has the writer wandered into the extravagancies of 'Mardi':—and that is but an episode to the "voyage."

Let us take a peep at the young adventurer setting out on his way to New York to embark for his first voyage.—

"At last gaining the boat, we pushed off, and away we steamed down the Hudson. There were few passengers on board, the day was so unpleasant; and they were mostly congregated in the after cabin round the stoves. After breakfast, some of them went to reading: others took a nap on the settees; and others sat in silent circles, speculating no doubt, as to who each other might be. They were certainly a cheerless set, and to me they all looked stony-eyed and heartless. I could not help it, I almost hated them; and to avoid them, went on deck, but a storm of sleet drove me below. At last I bethought me, that I had not procured a ticket, and going to the captain's office to pay my passage and get one, was horror-struck to find, that the price of passage had been suddenly raised that day, owing to the other boats not running; so that I had not enough money to pay my fare. I had supposed it would be but a dollar, and only a dollar did I have, whereas it was two. What was to be done? The boat was off, and there was no backing out; so I determined to say nothing to anybody, and grimly wait until called upon for my fare. The long weary day wore on till afternoon; one incessant storm raged on deck; but after dinner the few passengers, waked up with their roast-beef and mutton, became a little more sociable. Not with me, for the scent and savour of poverty was upon me, and they all cast towards me their evil eyes and cold suspicious glances, as I sat apart, though among them. I felt that desperation and recklessness of poverty which only a pauper knows. There was a mighty patch upon one leg of my trousers, neatly sewed on, for it had been executed by my mother, but still very obvious and incontrovertible to the eye. This patch I had hitherto studiously endeavoured to hide with the ample skirts of my shooting jacket; but now I stretched out my leg boldly, and thrust the patch under their noses, and looked at them so, that they soon looked away, boy though I was. Perhaps the gun that I clenched frightened them into respect; or there might have been something ugly in my eyes; or my teeth were white, and my jaws were set. For several hours I sat gazing at a jovial party seated round a mahogany table, with some crackers and cheese, and wine and cigars. Their faces were flushed with the good dinner they had eaten; and mine felt pale and wan with a long fast. If I had

presumed to offer to make one of their party; if I had told them of my circumstances, and solicited something to refresh me, I very well knew, from the peculiar hollow ring of their laughter, they would have had the waiters put me out of the cabin, for a beggar, who had no business to be warming himself at their stove. And for that insult, though only a conceit, I sat and gazed at them, putting up no petitions for their prosperity. My whole soul was soured within me, and when at last the captain's clerk, a slender young man, dressed in the height of fashion, with a gold watch, chain, and brooch, came round collecting the tickets, I buttoned up my coat to the throat, clutched my gun, put on my leather cap, and pulling it well down, stood up like a sentry before him. He held out his hand, deeming any remark superfluous, as his object in pausing before me must be obvious. But I stood motionless and silent, and in a moment he saw how it was with me. I ought to have spoken and told him the case, in plain, civil terms, and offered my dollar, and then waited the event. But I felt too wicked for that. He did not wait a great while, but spoke first himself; and in a gruff voice, very unlike his urbane accents when accosting the wine and cigar party, demanded my ticket. I replied that I had none. He then demanded the money; and upon my answering that I had not enough, in a loud angry voice that attracted all eyes, he ordered me out of the cabin into the storm. The devil in me then mounted up from my soul, and spread over my frame, till it tingled at my finger ends; and I muttered out my resolution to stay where I was in such a manner, that the ticket man faltered back. 'There's a dollar for you,' I added, offering it, 'I want two,' said he.—'Take that or nothing,' I answered; 'It is all I have.' I thought he would strike me. But, accepting the money, he contented himself with saying something about sportsmen going on shooting expeditions without having money to pay their expenses; and hinted that such chaps might better lay aside their fowling-pieces, and assume the buck and saw. He then passed on, and left every eye fastened upon me. I stood there gazing some time, but at last could stand it no more. I pushed my seat right up before the most insolent gazer, a short fat man, with a plethora of cravat round his neck, and fixing my gaze on his, gave him more gazes than he sent. This somewhat embarrassed him, and he looked round for some one to take hold of me; but no one coming, he pretended to be very busy counting the gilded wooden beams overhead. I then turned to the next gazer, and clinking my gun-lock, deliberately presented the piece at him. Upon this, he overset his seat in his eagerness to get beyond my range, for I had him point blank, full in the left eye; and several persons starting to their feet, exclaimed that I must be crazy. So I was at that time; for otherwise I know not how to account for my demoniac feelings, of which I was afterwards heartily ashamed, as I ought to have been, indeed; and much more than that. I then turned on my heel, and shouldering my fowling-piece and bundle, marched on deck, and walked there through the dreary storm, till I was wet through, and the boat touched the wharf at New York."

Here the hero goes as a "boy" on board the vessel in which he is to make his earliest trip:—and thus describes his feelings when he first sailed out into the great sea.—

"At last we got as far as the Narrows, which everybody knows is the entrance to New York Harbour from sea; and it may well be called the Narrows, for when you go in or out, it seems like going in or out of a door-way: and when you go out of these Narrows on a long voyage like this of mine, it seems like going out into the broad highway, where not a soul is to be seen. For far away and away stretches the great Atlantic Ocean; and all you can see beyond is where the sky comes down to the water. It looks lonely and desolate enough, and I could hardly believe, as I gazed around me, that there could be any land beyond, or any place like Europe or England or Liverpool in the great wide world. It seemed too strange and wonderful, and altogether incredible, that there could really be cities and towns and villages and green fields and hedges and farm-yards and orchards, away over that

wide blank of sea, and away beyond the place where the sky came down to the water. And to think of steering right out among those waves, and leaving the bright land behind, and the dark night coming on, too, seemed wild and foolhardy; and I looked with a sort of fear at the sailors standing by me, who could be so thoughtless at such a time. But then I remembered how many times my own father had said he crossed the ocean; and I had never dreamed of such a thing as doubting him; for I always thought him such a marvellous being, infinitely purer and greater than I was, who could not by any possibility do wrong, or say an untruth. Yet now, how could I credit it, that he, my own father, whom I so well remembered, had ever sailed out of these Narrows, and sailed right through the sky and water line, and gone to England, and France, Liverpool and Marseilles. It was too wonderful to believe."

On board, Redburn takes to studying the characters of his mates:—mixing up his own simplicities with his judgments after the following fashion:—

"Now this man was a Greenlander by birth, with a very white skin where the sun had not burnt it, and handsome blue eyes placed wide apart in his head, and a broad good-humoured face, and plenty of curly flaxen hair. He was not very tall, but exceedingly stout-built, though active; and his back was a broad as a shield, and it was a great way between his shoulders. He seemed to be a sort of lady's sailor, for in his broken English he was always talking about the nice ladies of his acquaintance in Stockholm and Copenhagen and a place he called the Hook, which at first I fancied must be the place where lived the hook-nosed men that caught fowling-pieces and every other article that came along. He was dressed very tastefully, too, as if he knew he was a good-looking fellow. He had on a new blue woollen Havre frock, with a new silk handkerchief round his neck, passed through one of the vertebral bones of a shark, highly polished and carved. His trousers were of clear white duck, and he sported a handsome pair of pumps, and a tarpaulin hat bright as a looking-glass, with a long black ribbon streaming behind, and getting entangled every now and then in the rigging; and he had gold anchors in his ears, and a silver ring on one of his fingers, which was very much worn and bent from pulling ropes and other work on board ship. I thought he might better have left his jewellery at home. It was a long time before I could believe that this man was really from Greenland, though he looked strange enough to me, then, to have come from the moon; and he was full of stories about that distant country; how they passed the winters there; and how bitter cold it was; and how he used to go to bed and sleep twelve hours, and get up again and run about, and go to bed again, and get up again—there was no telling how many times, and all in one night; for in the winter time in his country, he said, the nights were so many weeks long, that a Greenland baby was sometimes three months old, before it could properly be said to be a day old. I had seen mention made of such things before in books of voyages; but that was only reading about them, just as you read the Arabian Nights, which no one ever believes; for somehow, when I read about these wonderful countries, I never used really to believe what I read, but only thought it very strange, and a good deal too strange to be altogether true; though I never thought the men who wrote the book meant to tell lies. But I don't know exactly how to explain what I mean; but this much I will say, that I never believed in Greenland till I saw this Greenlander. And at first, hearing him talk about Greenland, only made me still more incredulous. For what business had a man from Greenland to be in my company? Why was he not at home among the icebergs, and how could he stand a warm summer's sun, and not be melted away? Besides, instead of icicles, there were earrings hanging from his ears; and he did not wear bear-skins, and keep his hands in a huge muff; things which I could not help connecting with Greenland and all Greenlanders."

The Peter Simple-ism of Redburn looks, we are bound to say, a little pale in Mr. Melville's imitation of Capt. Marryat. A specimen or two will suffice.—

"When I reached the deck, I saw no one but a large man in a large dripping pea-jacket, who was talking down the main-hatches.—'What do you want, Pillgarlic?' said he.—'I've shipped to sail in this ship,' I replied, assuming a little dignity, to chastise his familiarity.—'What for? a tailor?' said he, looking at my shooting-jacket.—'I answered that I was going as a 'boy'; for so I was technically put down on the articles.—'Well,' said he, 'have you got your traps aboard?'—'I told him I didn't know that there were any rats in the ship, and hadn't brought any 'trap.'—At this he laughed out with a great guffaw, and said there must be hay-seed in my hair. This made me mad; but thinking he must be one of the sailors who was going in the ship, I thought it wouldn't be wise to make an enemy of him, so only asked him where the men slept in the vessel, for I wanted to put my clothes away.—'Where's your clothes?' said he.—'Here, in my bundle,' said I, holding it up.—'Well, if that's all you've got,' he cried, 'you'd better chuck it overboard. But go forward, go forward to the fore-castle; that's the place you'll live in aboard here.' And with that he directed me to a sort of hole in the deck of the bow of the ship; but looking down, and seeing how dark it was, I asked him for a light.—'Strike your eyes together and make one,' said he, 'we don't have any lights here.' * * Thinking to make friends with the second mate, I took out an old tortoiseshell snuff-box of my father's, in which I had put a piece of Cavendish tobacco, to look sailor-like, and offered the box to him very politely. He stared at me for a moment, and then exclaimed, 'Do you think we take snuff aboard here, youngster? no, no, no time for snuff-taking at sea; don't let the 'old man' see that snuff-box; take my advice, and pitch it overboard as quick as you can.' I told him it was not snuff, but tobacco; when he said he had plenty of tobacco of his own, and never carried any such nonsense about him as a tobacco-box. With that he went off about his business, and left me feeling foolish enough. But I had reason to be glad he had acted thus, for if he had not, I think I should have offered my box to the chief mate, who in that case, from what I afterwards learned of him, would have knocked me down, or done something else equally uncivil. * * The pig-ben being cleaned out, I was set to work picking up some shavings, which lay about the deck; for there had been carpenters at work on board. The mate ordered me to throw these shavings into the long-boat at a particular place between two of the seats. But as I found it hard work to push the shavings through in that place, and as it looked wet there, I thought it would be better for the shavings as well as myself, to thrust them where there was a larger opening and a dry spot. While I was thus employed, the mate, observing me, exclaimed with an oath, 'Didn't I tell you to put those shavings somewhere else? Do what I tell you, now, Buttons, or mind your eye!' Stiffening my indignation at his rudeness, which by this time I found was my only plan, I replied that that was not so good a place for the shavings as that which I had myself selected, and asked him to tell me why he wanted me to put them in the place he designated. Upon this, he flew into a terrible rage, and without explanation reiterated his order like a clap of thunder. This was my first lesson in the discipline of the sea, and I never forgot it. From that time I learned that sea-officers never gave reasons for anything they order to be done. * * Thinking that my superiority to him in a moral way might sit uneasily upon this sailor, I thought that it would soften the matter down by giving him a chance to show his own superiority to me, in a minor thing; for I was far from being vain and conceited. Having observed that at certain intervals a little bell was rung on the quarter-deck by the man at the wheel; and that as soon as it was heard, some one of the sailors forward struck a large bell which hung on the fore-castle; and having observed that how many times soever the man astern rang his bell, the man forward struck his, tit for tat, —I inquired of this floating-Chapel sailor, what all this ringing meant; and whether, as the big bell hung right over the scuttle that went down to the place where the watch below were sleeping, such a ringing every little while would not tend to disturb them and beget unpleasant dreams; and in asking these questions I was particular to address him in a civil and condescending way, so as to show him very plainly

that I did not deem myself one whit better than he was, that is, taking all things together, and not going into particulars. But to my great surprise and mortification, he in the rudest kind of manner laughed aloud in my face, and called me a 'Jimmy Dax,' though that was not my real name, and he must have known it; and also the 'son of a farmer,' though, as I have previously related, my father was a great merchant and French importer in Broad Street in New York. And then he began to laugh and joke about me with the other sailors, till they all got round me, and if I had not felt so terribly angry I should certainly have felt very much like a fool. But my being so angry prevented me from feeling foolish, which is very lucky for people in a passion."

We had marked some other passages for quotation:—but shall content ourselves with the following impressive glance at a wreck at sea.

"The tornado came rushing along at last, like a troop of wild horse before the flaming rush of a burning prairie. But after bowing and cringing to it awhile, the good Highlander was put off before it; and with her nose in the water, went wallowing on, ploughing milk-white waves, and leaving a streak of illuminated foam in her wake. It was an awful scene. It made me catch my breath as I gazed. I could hardly stand on my feet, so violent was the motion of the ship. But while I reeled to and fro, the sailors only laughed at me; and bade me look out that the ship did not fall overboard; and advised me to get a handspike, and hold it down hard in the weather scuppers, to steady her wild motions. But I was now getting a little too wise for this foolish kind of talk; though all through the voyage, they never gave it over. This storm past, we had fair weather until we got into the Irish Sea. The morning following the storm, when the sea and sky had become blue again, the man aloft sung out that there was a wreck on the lee-beam. We bore away for it, all hands looking eagerly toward it, and the captain in the mizen-top with his spy-glass. Presently, we slowly passed alongside of it. It was a dismantled, water-logged schooner, a most dismal sight, that must have been drifting about for several long weeks. The bulwarks were pretty much gone; and here and there the bare stanchions, or posts, were left standing, splitting in two the waves which broke clear over the deck, lying almost even with the sea. The foremast was snapped off less than four feet from its base; and the shattered and splintered remnant looked like the stump of a pine tree thrown over in the woods. Every time she rolled in the trough of the sea, her open main hatchway yawned into view; but was quickly filled, and submerged again, with a rushing, gurgling sound, as the water ran into it with the le- roll. At the head of the stump of the mainmast, about ten feet above the deck, something like a sleeve seemed nailed; it was supposed to be the relics of a jacket, which must have been fastened there by the crew for a signal, and been frayed out and blown away by the wind. Lashed, and leaning over sideways against the taffrail, were three dark, green, grassy objects, that slowly swayed with every roll, but otherwise were motionless. I saw the captain's glass directed toward them, and heard him say at last, 'They must have been dead a long time.' These were sailors, who long ago had lashed themselves to the taffrail for safety; but must have perished. Full of the awful interest of the scene, I surely thought the captain would lower a boat to bury the bodies, and find out something about the schooner. But we did not stop at all; passing on our course, without so much as learning the schooner's name, though every one supposed her to be a New Brunswick lumberman. On the part of the sailors, no surprise was shown that our captain did not send off a boat to the wreck; but the stowage passengers were indignant at what they called his barbarity. For me, I could not but feel amazed and shocked at his indifference; but my subsequent experiences have shown me, that such conduct as this is very common, though not, of course, when human life can be saved. So away we sailed, and left her, drifting, drifting on; a garden spot for land-nacles, and a playhouse for the sharks."

In conclusion, we may say of 'Redburn' that it wants the novelty of interest and of subject which made 'Typee' and 'Omoo' popular in

their day,—but that on the whole it is better written than either. The improvement upon 'Mardi' is striking in some respects. Setting aside the chapter to which we have already alluded,—headed "A mysterious Night in London,"—there is, as we have said, little in 'Redburn' that is open to the charge of extravagance, either in matter or in manner:—and that is itself a novelty in a writer who has hitherto gone on *crescendo* in the way of mysteries and madnasses of many kinds.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—FELIX SUMNER has left to announce that the series of ART-MANUFACTURES, originated by him, will not be continued under his superintendence, and that his interest in all Works of that series has entirely ceased.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]—In the Press, 3 vols. 8vo., THE HISTORY OF THE PAPAL STATES. By JOHN MILNE, D.D., Author of 'Home under Paganism and the Pope.' Published by T. C. Newby, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. * Misprinted M.D. in last week's Athenæum, p. 1110.

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THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

The circumstantial story brought home by the Twelve of the visit of a party of Esquimaux to the ships composing the several Expeditions of Sir John Franklin and Sir James Ross,—on which we had early learned to look with so much suspicion, on its own internal evidence,—is now, in spite of the credulity of certain of our contemporaries and in defiance of mesmerism, formally negated. Sir James Ross has returned home, after an unsuccessful search for the long missing Arctic voyagers.

The Enterprise and Investigator, under Sir James's command, reached the entrance to Lancaster Sound on the 20th of August last year:—so that the search for Sir John Franklin can be said to have commenced only this summer. Though it was expected that the Enterprise would winter near Melville Island and the Investigator near Cape Renell, the two ships did not attain a farther westing than Port Leopold, at the entrance of Prince

Regent's Inlet (lat. 73° 50' N., long. 90° 12' W.). Here they wintered. On the 15th of May last, Sir James Ross, accompanied by a party of seamen, set out on an exploring expedition. They travelled along the coast of North Somerset, south of Barrow's Straits, for a distance of 230 miles: advancing as far west as the wreck of the *Fury*,—the vestiges of which were yet remaining. At this point Sir James deposited a large store of provisions,—and also the screw-launch of the *Enterprise*. The adventurous party were forty days away from their ships; and during that time fell in with not the slightest trace of the *Erebus* or the *Terror*. Neither did they see a single Esquimaux. The march of Sir James across the trackless regions of thick-ribbed ice is represented as being paralleled in difficulty only by that of Sir Edward Parry in his attempt to reach the North Pole.

It was Sir James Ross's intention to have passed the present winter at Melville Island,—and to have renewed the search for Sir John Franklin next summer. With this view he cut a canal of two miles and a half from Port Leopold into Prince Regent's Inlet, and carried his ships through it; intending on emerging into Barrow's Straits to proceed westward. His plans, however, were completely frustrated by the wild spirit of those latitudes. His ships were swept out of the Straits into Lancaster Sound by a pack of drift ice which it was impossible to stem.—Under such untoward circumstances, Sir James deemed it advisable to return to England.

This new fact shows how entirely exploring Expeditions in the Arctic Seas are at the mercy of the ice. It was the opinion of a number of Arctic officers assembled at the Admiralty in the month of January last, that Sir James Ross should receive "imperative instructions to search in Wellington Channel and its neighbourhood,—since it has been ascertained that Sir John Franklin attached very great importance to that opening, in case of his failing to push on to the southward and westward." It will be seen that Sir James Ross has not only been obliged to leave the Channel wholly unvisited, but has been prevented from penetrating as far as Melville Island,—where great hopes were entertained that the missing ships would be found.

Capt. Kerr of the Chieftain has been examined by the Admiralty Board. This was the whaler, it will be remembered, which was boarded by the Esquimaux [a single Esquimaux, we believe, it now turns out to be] who reported that the four Arctic ships were lying to the east and west of the entrance to Prince Regent's Inlet. Capt. Kerr states that the native volunteered the information respecting the existence of the ships,—but did not add that he had boarded them,—nor in the sketch which he drew in the cabin did he indicate that a certain line referred to a track between the ships. Having heard Capt. Kerr's evidence we must candidly express our disbelief of the truth of the entire report:—a conclusion which our readers are aware we arrived at with fewer facts to guide us than we now possess,—and before one-half at least of that report had been expressly disproved.

Our readers will be interested to hear, that Sir John Richardson reached his home at Portsmouth in safety, on Wednesday last,—having arrived in town from Liverpool on the preceding day. He is in excellent health; and, with the exception of being somewhat thinner, has not suffered by his adventurous coasting journey. All the Europeans of his party have returned with him. Dr. Rae, as we have already announced, with the Canadians, remains out,—and will resume his searching labours next summer.

SCIENTIFIC NOMENCLATURE.

ALLOW me very briefly to apologize for having been obscure. Your correspondent "Brevipen" is quite right in asserting that all plants and animals require two names:—they do so as much as any Christian. My objection was, to the too frequent length and dissonance of such names,—to the use of abstract scientific words which are too large for an ordinary mouthful or too hard for ordinary teeth. My trumpet must have given an uncertain sound. "Brevipen," fortified in science, has made a spirited sortie out of the north gate:—but the attack is on his towers to the south. If "Brevipen" would

adduce "the endless kind of creatures" against an opponent of generic and specific names, he fights in a good cause,—and success attend him when he meets the enemy. If, writing "permutations and combinations" on their standard, he intend his multitudes to establish the arithmetical necessity of long words, then he comes round to my position,—and I give him battle. According to Cocker, the letters in the word *Blapharantemum*, one of the shortest complained of, can be arranged otherwise in 126,126,000 different ways. Take any long word in science, place it upon a table and chop it into four; it is probable that not one of those four parts has yet been used to designate an object,—and any one of them, if clumsy, might be made neat by the addition of a letter or two. It is an old remark, that there are 800,000,000 of men, yet no two are alike in features. Does Nature, who should guide the naturalist, ignore the law of "permutations and combinations"? Are our walks crowded with men whose noses are a foot long or whose mouths extend across their faces:—nay, do we ever meet such men? Nature is able to express variety among an "endless kind" without deigning to be driven to grimaces. Long, ineffectual words are the grimace of scientific conversation.—The necessity of special language for the exact purposes of science I before acknowledged. Natural families, order, genus, and species,—systems and strata,—constellations and named stars,—elements and compounds, binary, ternary and quaternary,—these are contained in "my philosophy." A vast amount of cacophony is mixed up with them:—that too is, unhappily, in the cup which my philosophy must drink. We cannot precipitate it; but when its bad taste vexeth us, may we not cry out,—"In the name of music do not put in any more!" How gracefully did Sir R. Murchison avoid grimace in naming his great discovery *Silurian*!—The word flows over the lips:—no wonder, with three liquids in it. We forgive geology its *grauwacke* and *rotte-todte-liegeende* in a fit of good nature; but alas for the names of the fossils!—*Rhynchonites gailardoti*, *Vaginula dandini*, *Trilobulina trigonula*, *Pholadomya fidicula*! A line of such names, a cup of lemon-juice, or a turn at saw-grinding,—which would be most endurable?

A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre, saith Spenser. Five letters of music are better than many syllables of discord. H. M.

EXODUS OF THE ISRAELITES.

An examination of several parts of the Septuagint version of the Hebrew Scriptures has led me to think, that the recension of the Scriptures from which it was translated was perhaps preferable to that which has descended to us, and from which our authorized translation is made. My attention being much excited by the remarkable theory of the Exodus given by Mr. Sharpe, I referred to the account given in the Septuagint,—and I found that it differs in some small particulars from that given in our received translation. From a consideration of it, and of the geographical and critical information given by Mr. Sharpe, I have been led to conclusions differing in some degree from any other which I have seen. Perhaps a translation of the Septuagint account of the Exodus, and an explanation of the conclusions at which I have arrived, may not be entirely without interest.

Translation from the Septuagint Version.

EXODUS, CHAPTER XII.

31 And Pharo called Moses and Aaron at night, and said to them, Arise and depart out of my people, both you and the sons of Israel; go and serve the Lord your God as you say.

32 And take your sheep and your oxen, and go; thank me, truly, for this permission.

34 And the people took their dough before it was fermented, and carried their kneading troughs bound in their garments upon their shoulders.

37 And the sons of Israel raised their tents and marched from Ramesses to Sochoth to the number of six hundred thousands of footmen, the men, besides the baggage.

38 And a great mixed multitude set out with them, and sheep, and oxen, and very many cattle.

CHAPTER XIII.

17 And when Pharo sent out the people, God did not lead them the road of the Philistines' land on account of its being near; for God said, Lest when the people see war they change their mind and turn back into Egypt.

18 And God led the people a circuitous way, along the road into the desert, to the Red Sea.

20 And the sons of Israel escaped from Sochoth, and encamped in Othom by the desert.

21 And God led them, the day-time [in] by a pillar of cloud, to show them the way; and at night [in] by a pillar of fire.

22 There failed not the pillar of the cloud in the day, [and] nor the pillar of the fire at night before all the people.

CHAPTER XIII.

1 And the Lord spake to Moses, saying,
2 Speak to the sons of Israel, and let them turn, and encamp before the desert-station between Magdool and the sea, over-against Beel-sepphon; before it thou shalt encamp upon the sea-shore.

3 And Pharaoh will say to his people, These sons of Israel are wandering in the land; for the desert has shut them in.
4 And it was told to the king of the Egyptians that the people had fled; and the heart of Pharaoh and of his servants was turned against the people; and they said, Why have we done this, to send away the sons of Israel so as not to be our slaves?

5 Therefore Pharaoh yoked all his chariots, and took all his people with him.

6 And took six hundred chosen chariots, and all the cavalry of the Egyptians, and captains over all.

7 And the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, and of his servants, and he followed behind the sons of Israel; but the sons of Israel were going out [in] with a high hand.

8 And the Egyptians pursued behind them, and found them pitched by the sea; and all the cavalry and the chariots of Pharaoh and the horsemen and his army found them before the desert-station, over-against Beel-sepphon.

9 And Pharaoh approached, and the sons of Israel looked up with their eyes and saw: and the Egyptians encamped behind them: and they were very much terrified.

10 And the Lord said to Moses, Why criest thou to me? speak to the sons of Israel, and let them return on their line of march.

11 And thou, raise a signal with thy rod, and stretch thy hand towards the sea, and divide it: and let the sons of Israel enter amidst the sea along the dry way.

12 And the messenger of God who was going before the sons of Israel departed from his place and went behind them: and the pillar of the cloud departed from their face and stood behind them.

13 And entered between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel, and remained there; and there was darkness and obscurity: and the night passed; and they did not mingle together during the whole night.

14 And Moses stretched his hand toward the sea; and the Lord carried away the sea [in] by a violent south wind the whole night, and made the sea dry land, and the water was divided.

15 And the sons of Israel entered amidst the sea along the dry way; and the water was to them a wall of defence on the right hand, and a wall of defence on the left.

16 And the Egyptians pursued them and entered behind them: [and] all the cavalry of Pharaoh, and the chariots, and the riders, into the middle of the sea.

17 And it came to pass in the morning watch that the Lord looked upon the camp of the Egyptians [in] from a pillar of fire and cloud, and troubled the camp of the Egyptians.

18 And fixed fast the axle-trees of their chariots, and brought them on only with great force; and the Egyptians said, Let us fly from the face of Israel, for the Lord fights for them against the Egyptians.

19 And the Lord said to Moses, Stretch thy hand towards the sea, and let the water return, and let it cover the Egyptians and the chariots and the riders.

20 And Moses stretched his hand towards the sea, and the water returned at day-light upon the ground; and the Egyptians fled from the water, and the Lord disturbed the Egyptians amidst the sea.

21 And the water having returned covered the chariots and the riders and all the power of Pharaoh who entered behind [them] the sons of Israel into the sea; and there was not left of them not one.

22 But the sons of Israel went through dry land amidst the sea: and the water was to them a wall of defence on the right hand and a wall of defence on the left.

NOTES.

CHAPTER XIII.

39 The sense of the last clause of this verse is given. I think, by the particle which follows the verb. The ordinary meaning of this verb is "bless," but it appears to me difficult to retain that meaning here. I have given what I think is most probably the true meaning.

37 The number assigned here to the Israelites is the same as in the Hebrew text translated in the English version; but I conceive that this number is vastly too great to be compatible with the circumstances of their hasty march, or their passage of the water, or their residence in the Desert.

CHAPTER XIII.

19 The circuitous route here spoken of, I imagine, the general indirectness of the way to the land of Canaan, and not the crooked march which led to the Red Sea.

20 The "desert" here mentioned is the Egyptian desert, between the Nile and the Red Sea.

21 and 22 These two verses relate to the march described in chapter xiv. verse 2, as is evident from the reference to it in verse 19. The order of time is not strictly preserved in these chapters; thus it is extremely improbable that the ordinances of unclean bread were established, or that the expressions in chapter xiii. verse 14, were used, before the Israelites were in a place of safety.

CHAPTER XIV.

2 The meaning of this "turning" will be explained hereafter. The word which I have ventured to render "desert-station" is the same which is used in Genesis, chapter xxv. verse 16, in association with "tents," to denote some kind of dwelling of the Israelites probably more permanent than a tent; it might perhaps there be rendered "hut."

In classical Greek it means "country-house." I think it most likely that it means here a station-house at a particular part of an established road where assistance may be occasionally required for travellers. Beel-sepphon seems to be a plural word: the expression following is "before them."

3 The "desert," as above mentioned, is the Egyptian desert.

15 There can be no doubt that the Greek word signifies "to return either precisely or nearly in the same road by which they had come."

16 The word "divide" is literally "burst open."

22 The word "wall" has not the sense of a "cliff" or "precipice," but "defence."

25 In the first clause, there is no doubt of the general sense: I am not certain that I have correctly supplied the supplementary words.

Essay on the Route of the Israelites in their Departure from Egypt, and on the Place of the Passage of the Red Sea.

No dissertation which I have ever seen has cast so much light upon this subject as that of Samuel Sharpe, Esq., printed in Bartlett's 'Forty Days in the Desert.' Although I have come to a conclusion different from his, as regards the ultimate Exodus of the Israelites, yet the tracing of the first part of the route, and the general understanding of circumstances, are entirely due to him.

The geographical circumstances most important to this inquiry are the following—

Proceeding in the direction N.W. by N. from Suez, a large lake, or rather a gulf of the sea, extended for the length of about forty miles. This lake was called the Lower Bitter Lake, evidently from its communication with the Red Sea. It became freshened when canals had been brought into it (first by Necho and afterwards by Trajan) from the Nile. The course of these canals, after quitting the vicinity of the Nile, was nearly from W. to E., entering the Lower Bitter Lake at its northern end. There was a sluice or lock at the mouth of the lake, which in this place becomes a mere canal, near Suez. The sluice has disappeared; and the blown sand has choked the mouth at Suez, and has partly filled the lake; but the sea-water apparently still percolates to it, and it has become a vast salt-marsh, even now lower than the surface of the sea in the Gulf of Suez. It was, and is, a barrier to any line of road.

From this it appears that, to pass from Memphis (a very little south of the modern Cairo) to the Arabian Desert, there were but two general lines of route. One was immediately north of the north end of the Bitter Lake; the other was south of the south end of the Bitter Lake, passing its mouth near to Suez, where the lake had narrowed to a mere canal. But in taking the former of these routes, it was evidently best not to go in a straight line across the comparatively waterless desert from Memphis to the north end of the Bitter Lake; but to descend by the Pelusiac branch of the Nile through Heliopolis, Scenæ Veteranorum, and Vicus Judæorum, to Thaum or Patumos, and then to pass eastward through the same valley as that taken by the canals, to the north end of the Bitter Lake; thus securing a supply of fresh water to the neighbourhood of the Bitter Lake. In taking the latter route, or that by Suez, there was a choice between two roads. One is almost straight across the Egyptian desert, from Memphis to Suez; this is the line of the Haj road, or the English overland road. The other is much more circuitous; descending the Pelusiac branch of the Nile to Thaum, then either continuing eastward along the valley of the canals and south-eastwards to Suez (in which case three sides of a trapezium are described), or proceeding in a straight line from Thaum to Suez (in which case the two sides of a right-angled triangle are described). In some cases this road is preferable to the direct Haj road, as there is a better supply of water on the way.

It appears, so far as I can ascertain, that between the Haj road and the canals the country is desert, but not remarkably high.

To pass from Memphis to Judæa the route evidently was through Heliopolis, Scenæ, and Thaum, and then continuing near the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, to gain the Mediterranean coast at Pelusium or Tineh.

Thus the road from Memphis to Thaum was common both to the route to Judæa and to the two routes to the Arabian Desert.

I have no doubt that Mr. Sharpe is correct in

identifying Ramesses* with Heliopolis; Succoth or Socoth with Scenæ; Etham or Othom (abov. xiii. 20) or Bouthan (Numbers xxxiii. 6) with Thaum; and Hahiroth or rather Eiroth (Numbers xxxiii. 7) with Heliopolis. Assuming the places of Ramesses and Succoth, we must assume (as is otherwise most probable) that the Egyptian king resided at Memphis. I think Mr. Sharpe's places of Balzepon and Migdol, or Beel-sepphon and Magdool, very doubtful; indeed I think it more likely that Migdol "the tower" was a small fort at or near Suez, perhaps at Ajrud.

Moses, then, after his final interview with the king at Memphis, returned to Ramesses (Heliopolis); and the Israelites departed hastily, but unpurged, in a N.E. by N. direction, through Succoth (Scenæ) to Othom (Thaum). Up to this time, it appeared probable that they were making either for the Pelusian frontier, or for the pass at the north end of the Bitter Lake. But at Thaum they suddenly turned, at right angles to their former course, or in a S.E. by E. direction, into the Egyptian desert; and it is evident that there could be but one possible object in this, namely, to gain the passage of the canal near Suez. I think it most likely, therefore, that they marched in as straight a line as the nature of the ground allowed, almost parallel to the shore of the Bitter Lake, from Thaum to, or nearly to, Suez.

The place to which they marched is called in our version of the Hebrew Pi-hahiroth, which Mr. Sharpe interprets, "the Bay of Hahiroth," or "the Bay of Heliopolis." In the Septuagint, Numbers xxxiii. 7, it is called "the mouth of Eiroth;" and this expression appears to me to explain perfectly the position. There is no place now which can be called a "mouth," but there was one then, namely, the mouth of the great lake, near Suez. The meaning of the "desert-station" in Exodus xiv. 2 and 9, is not so clear; but a conjecture may be offered. At this pass over the narrow channel there may have been something like a ferry-house, either for the convenience of travellers in general, or for the use of the royal armies.

On this march, the Israelites had before them the pillar of smoke by day, and the pillar of fire by night. On examining the map, it will be seen that their march was directed almost exactly towards Mount Sinai. It is indifferent whether Jebel Serail or Jebel Musa be supposed to be the true Sinai, as they are nearly in a line as seen on this march. The line of view passes at first over the Red Sea, and then along the valley skirting the Red Sea, and does not encounter a mountain till two-thirds of the way from Thaum to Sinai are passed, and then the mountains are greatly inferior to Sinai. Therefore, when the Israelites had entered the desert from Thaum, there was nothing but distance to prevent them from seeing Sinai. It is probable that the mountain-peaks were just visible on their horizon. It is certain that any very conspicuous appearance above the mountain could be seen. Within six weeks, Sinai was covered with fire and smoke, in the manner of a volcano; it is probable that it was so covered, perhaps in a different degree, at this time. What, then, were the pillar of smoke by day, and the pillar of fire by night, which the Israelites saw as they were marching directly towards Sinai? I cannot doubt that they were the smoke and fire on Sinai.

The Egyptian king, when he heard that the Israelites were in the desert, immediately went in pursuit of them. I have no doubt that he took the direct Haj road. I am led to this opinion by the following reasons:—First, that this was the quickest route (when the fact of the Israelites having entered the desert was ascertained). Secondly, that it appears that he surprised the Israelites, (which would not have happened if he had been hanging on their rear). Thirdly, that it allowed them to make a countermarch.

Now we come to the last movement. To escape from the Egyptians, (as the passing the canal, in the face of the enemy, might be a difficult matter), the Israelites made a countermarch. The meaning of

* In Exodus i. 11, there is mention of "Peitho, and Ramesses, and On, which is Heliopolis." The last clause appears to be merely a marginal note, which may easily have been misplaced.

the Greek word expressing this is beyond doubt. It is also supported by the circumstance that the pillar of fire was now behind the Israelites: or in other words, as is explained above, that their backs were turned to Sinai. Probably they did not retrace their line of march exactly, but kept a little nearer to the Bitter Lake.

From this tracing of the route we are led then to the conclusion, that the sea which the Israelites crossed was not what we now call the Red Sea, but the Bitter Lake, at the distance of a few miles north-west of Suez. There is another circumstance recorded which cannot be admitted on any other supposition. The water was lowered by the action of a strong south wind. Now a south wind acting on the Red Sea or the Gulf of Suez, if it produced any sensible effect, would raise the water near Suez. But a south wind acting on the long shallow lake would sensibly depress it at that end next Suez.

It appears to me that, by this assumption of the course of the Israelites, all the circumstances of every kind are brought into combination in a reasonable and probable manner.

A.B.G.

Greenwich, October 26.

THE BURNETT TREATISES.

King Street, Aberdeen, Nov. 6.

Various inquiries have been addressed to us on the subject of the munificent premiums lately advertised, and which are to be awarded in 1854. We have replied to these inquiries as they reached us; but as the matter is one of general importance to the republic of letters, and as some of the questions will probably occur to other parties desirous of competing, we trust you will allow us to refer to them in your columns.

We have been asked whether the treatises sent in must be in the English language; and although we do not know that we are entitled to give a dogmatical answer to this, we are yet strongly of opinion (in which we have the concurrence of a co-trustee whom we have consulted) that English ought to be the medium employed,—and that essays presented in a foreign or dead language will run the risk of being rejected by the judges on that ground. This view, however, forms, obviously, no barrier in the way of foreigners becoming candidates:—we should be very sorry if it did. Many of them can use our language with sufficient facility,—and those who cannot may employ a translator.

Several correspondents have pointed out supposed ambiguities in the terms of the thesis, and are desirous of having them explained. We have uniformly declined to offer any opinion on this point; as Mr. Burnett himself prescribed the subject for the treatises, and has left no discretion with his trustees to modify or interpret it. We should therefore only mislead by attempting to do so:—at the same time, we feel bound to add that we have always regarded the field embraced by his offer as particularly wide and comprehensive, and as purposely open to every illustration which can be brought to it by the gradual advance of science and knowledge during the periodical cycles of forty years which elapse between each competition.

Other parties have inquired what are the rules, mentioned in the advertisement, according to which the judges are bound to determine? These rules have nothing, properly speaking, to do with the competitors at all. They simply refer to certain directions by Mr. Burnett for securing the impartiality of the judges:—who are, for example, required to make a solemn declaration to that effect on their appointment.

Many other questions have been put to us, which it would be of no use to advert to here:—we thinking it sufficient to say in general, that there are no restrictions imposed upon the writers beyond what appears on the face of the advertisement.

If we may infer from the number of our correspondents, the approaching competition has already secured a very widely spread publicity. But, as trustees of the benevolent founder, and anxious to do full justice to his design, we desire to enlist the services of men of the highest ability and distinction as candidates. To say nothing of such motives as may arise from the subject of the treatises, and from the hope of celebrity attendant on success, we submit that the magnitude of the prize alone (and we believe

it to be the greatest in point of amount ever offered for a literary undertaking) may make it a worthy mark for even their ambition.

We are, &c.,

ALEX. AND JOHN WEBSTER.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE three Queen's Colleges in Ireland, about which there has been so much talk and so much disputation, are at length fairly launched as agencies upon Ireland's future destinies. The Deans of Faculty have been elected in all the institutions:—at Cork, Professor Hincks for the Scientific division of the Faculty of Arts;—Prof. Darley for the Literary division of the Faculty of Arts;—Prof. Bullen for the Faculty of Medicine;—and Prof. Walsh for the Faculty of Law. At Belfast, for the Faculty of Arts, Profs. Macdonnell and Stevelly;—for the Faculty of Law, Prof. Molyneux;—for the Faculty of Medicine, Prof. Carlisle. At Galway, Mr. John Mulcahy for the Science division of the Faculty of Arts;—Mr. W. E. Hearne for the Literary division of the Faculty of Arts; Mr. Croker King, M.D., for the Faculty of Medicine;—and Mr. D. Caulfield Heron for the Faculty of Law.—It is too early to speculate from practical demonstration on the immediate prospects of these institutions; but we give some passages from the letter of our own Correspondent at Cork, to "serve as materials."

The matriculation examination of the Queen's College, Cork, took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 30th and 31st of October: when thirty-nine students presented themselves for entrance,—a number considerably lower than had been expected. This is attributed to the uncertainty that up to a comparatively recent period hung over the prospects of the College,—as also to the indigence of all classes of society in the South of Ireland consequent on the late agricultural crisis in that country. Sectarian feelings, it would appear, had also to do with it,—but not to the extent that the Penistons would represent. The examinations for scholarships, of which there were forty-five at the disposal of the College, followed immediately after; and were held on the 2nd, 3rd and 5th of the current month. Twenty-one candidates were judged to have exhibited the proficiency requisite to entitle them to be elected scholars of the College. The remaining vacancies—twenty-four—lie over as prizes for those who may matriculate on the 13th inst. and the 8th of January.—The two periods fixed by the College for supplemental admissions of students.—I am happy to say that the two prominent creeds of Ireland were proportionally represented by the students who matriculated,—and none of whom were refused entrance. So far the principle of united education is carried out. The answering of the successful candidates for scholarships was considered creditable on the whole, and in some instances especially so.—The inauguration of the College took place on Wednesday the 7th instant.

The death of the Bishop of Norwich has created a vacancy in the Presidency of the Linnean Society. The Council have now an opportunity of acting in accordance with the spirit that has actuated the Fellows of the Royal Society in the changes in that body,—and which have so far worked well. For the vacant presidency the name of Robert Brown at once suggests itself:—but as higher honours than this have been declined by Mr. Brown, he may refuse. It would be premature to speculate on further changes until the question of the presidency shall have been settled:—but whoever is elected should be pledged by the Fellows to those changes in the constitution and practice of the Society which will redeem it from its present comparatively inefficient condition.

The death of the late Bishop of Llandaff has given rise to two appointments interesting to the lovers of literature:—that of Mr. Milman to the deanery of St. Paul's,—and that of Mr. Cureton, of the British Museum, the recent editor of the 'Ignatian Epistles,' to the vacant canonry of Westminster.

We learn with much regret that in the 72nd year of his age, and after a life the greatest part of which has been usefully and successfully devoted to literature, Dr. Dick has been reduced to a state little raised above positive destitution,—with heavy claims on him under circumstances which add sorrow of the heart to the burthen of his poor fortunes. Dr. Dick is the author of many treatises on literary and scientific subjects;—and we understand that a body of Scottish noblemen and gentlemen have joined in a written recommendation supporting a memorial addressed by him to Lord John Russell which makes the facts of the case the ground of a petition for a pension.

We must not pass unnoticed the death of Mr.

James Stuart, one of the Inspectors of Factories. He was brought up to the legal profession, and became a Writer to the Signet in 1798. The failure of some land speculations in which he engaged caused him to go to America:—an account of his travels in which country he published on his return.—He became afterwards editor of the *Courier* newspaper.

Is anything more intended to be done towards supplying London with parks—those organs of respiration so necessary to its health? Sixteen years ago a parliamentary committee sat and inquired into the alleged necessity for obtaining more extensive means of ventilation for the swarming capital: and facts were collected by that committee which should not have been lost sight of. They made a strong statement as to the inadequacy of the then existing parks: all situate in the same quarter of the metropolis,—and that, the quarter where they were least needed. They recommended that *five* additional sites should be inclosed and set apart for ever as breathing-places for the population. What has been done to carry out this recommendation? We have got *one* new park marked on the map of London,—but the inquirer would be puzzled to find it anywhere else. The ground cannot be built on, we imagine,—but in other respects we see little change. With or without trees and flowers, we are thankful for Primrose Hill;—but what has become of Copenhagen Fields? At the time when the committee in question was sitting, these fields were to the inhabitants of the north-west of London in the nature of a park:—is there a foot-path through them now open to the public? The pleasant fields and lanes that lay like reservoirs of health all round London, wherein its toiling population bathed on their holiday mornings and "were made whole" after the week's sickness, have all vanished before the genius of brick and mortar. The workman must now go far away to hear the bird and catch the breeze. To woo these into our streets, then, is a pious work like his of old who dug a well in the desert. Parks for the people are another form of "Baths and Washhouses":—both are among the best discoveries of modern times. Where so fit a site for a new park as the Hackney Downs? Are not these Downs lamas land too? Yet, unless we be misinformed, there are notices put up announcing the land for sale,—to be built upon.—These are all points to which some one should look on behalf of the public health.

The house in London (off Leicester Square) in which Sir Isaac Newton lived has, within the last month, been repaired throughout,—and within the last week (we are sorry to say) succumbed all over on the outside, so that its old Queen Anne and Sir Isaac Newton-like character has been completely destroyed. A shilling subscription among the members of the Royal Society might have saved it from this desecration,—and, what is more, re-pointed the whole brick-work so as to retain the original appearance of the building. In this house Newton lived from 1710 till his death in 1727. A small observatory at the top was erected by him,—and still remains, though sadly disfigured.

It is not our custom to notice generally the new literary periodicals that are published; but the first number of a literary paper lies before us, the speciality of whose object deserves a word of introduction at our hands. It is entitled 'Notes and Queries, a medium of inter-communication for literary men, artists, antiquaries, genealogists, &c.' This first number is as good a first number as we remember to have seen. The editor exhibits a phalanx of eminent assistants; and if he has as good success in getting answers to his queries as he has shown tact in exemplifying the kind of queries proposed, his work will be of great use to a considerable class of students. A brief address, with which the paper opens, says,—"Some cheap and frequent means for the interchange of thought is certainly wanted by those who are engaged in literature, art, and science; and we only hope to persuade the best men in all that we offer them the best medium of communication with each other." The "Notes" of Vertue were made into Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,'—the "Notes" of Oldys are still justly valued and referred to by literary men; there is not an old printseller or an old bookseller but possesses some points of knowledge worth knowing and not generally known. How much curious

information, which might have assumed the shape of "Notes," died with the late Mr. Rodd! How many difficult points must have occurred to Hallam and Macaulay in the composition of their Histories—and how many errors have been made "Notes" of by friends and foes for the improvement of future editions! We have always thought the queries on the reverse title of the *Gentleman's Magazine* one of the most instructive pages in Mr. Urban's repository. "Notes and Queries" is a judicious improvement of that page:—as it invites the deposit of much floating knowledge even where it is not precipitated by a query. There can be no doubt of the value of a literary medium of this peculiar kind if it can be well sustained.

On Saturday last the friends of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution held their annual meeting; when the Report for 1848 was read. It stated that great distress had prevailed among the class which is the object of the society's bounty during the past year: The applications for relief had numbered 672; but the funds of the institution were too limited to admit of more than half these cases finding assistance in the hour of need. The Ladies' Committee make an earnest appeal to the charitable on their behalf. An attempt is also in course of being made to collect a fund for the especial object of raising the society's annuities to 20*l*. Towards this separate fund it appears that 500*l*. have been already received. A small portion of the superfluous wealth of a few of those who owe so many of their graces to the devotion of the class now sought to be protected from absolute want, would enable the committee at once to effect this purpose.—Once more, however, we must call on the promoters of this institution and its resulting branches, to be consistent with themselves while they solicit the public support. What they give with one hand they must not take back with the other, if they hope to appeal with success in the cause of the governess. They do something more than this if they take away her pupils by the same process by which they prepare her to teach them. We refer, for our views on the subject of the Ladies' Colleges with reference to the benevolent institution out of which they have sprung, to our columns *ante*, p. 436. For some portion of the distress which the governess is now suffering, the very association formed originally for her relief may be itself responsible. Again, we say, let the means of beneficial employment be provided for the governess within the institutions themselves which have grown out of the first benevolent scheme,—or let those who patronize the whole make their appeals to the public in some other name than *hers*.

The Manchester Athenæum has returned to the sobriety of demeanour which formerly made it one of the most hopeful of our working educational institutions. We have been too consistent in our protest against the want of self-reliance and misdirection of energy expressed by the character of its annual *soirées* for some years past, not to see with satisfaction and record with pleasure the abandonment of the unhealthy system. From the reports which we have seen, we are inclined to regard the recent *soirée* at Manchester as the most interesting and successful that has been held by this institution for years. By leaving out of its programme the merely dramatic element of "illustrious Englishmen" and "distinguished foreigners" its members may have lost the distant echoes of their doings,—but they get a longer evening for social recreation instead, and draw for its spirit and genius on themselves. Manchester speaks from her own platform, in her own voice, to such as will listen or read of what she thinks and does:—and there are many earnest readers and listeners in days like ours for the thoughts and sayings of a great community like Manchester. We want these in her own tongue, and with the taste of the province on them. A great heart like hers is its own best interpreter. She can think her own thoughts—and something must be lost in the very best translation of them. We have read carefully from year to year the speeches delivered on the platform of the Manchester Athenæum by "foreign" orators,—and felt always that we were merely "assisting," by the aid of the press, at a play. With none them at all have we been satisfied so well as with the racy and pointed speech of Mr. Alderman Watkins, the chairman of the recent meeting held in the lecture-room of the

Town Hall. The men of this city are well able to manage their own matters. Manchester is a great presence; and can best deliver her own oracles, of whatever kind,—if they be true ones. On this occasion, the Chairman touched lightly on the proper topics and supported himself by the proper authorities.—When he sought a witness beyond the walls of his own town it was to call in the sanction of the great dead. For living supporters his audience had themselves. As we have often of late had to remark, a change is passing over the spirit which governs the action of these popular institutions. The change at Manchester is in harmony with the changes coming about elsewhere. The hope for such important agencies lies in the abandonment of all show and pretence, and the application of their revenues to the sober and solid work of instruction. If they be not self-sustained, there is no sustaining them. The life which beats not within themselves cannot be galvanically given for any healthy purpose. No institution like this can flourish on phylacteries. The sound of the trumpets is as a whisper beside the "still, small voice" that is direct from their own heart. Spasmodic attempts at display are wholly incompatible with a regular and healthy educational activity.

The events of the week furnish a counter-illustration of the above remarks. The practice which Manchester has abandoned Leeds has taken up. It has had its "stars" and speeches,—and amid their "pomp and circumstance" the Mechanics' Institution was forgotten. Lord Mahon uttered a very decent Quarterly Review article, and Mr. Roebuck delivered an essay on the dissemination of educated democracy:—both speeches which might have been as appropriately uttered in any other place as on the platform in Leeds. An incident which occurred is greatly to our purpose, as an illustration of how little the feelings and interests and meanings of particular localities can be at the heart of travelling orators. Mr. Roebuck, in the course of his familiar impromptu, when he had to name the town of Sheffield, called it Leeds,—at which place he had been figuring just before. The mention of this may seem trifling to some:—we feel that it is not so. The incident is significant; if followed, it will be found to go to the heart of the matter. The substitution was perfectly natural in Mr. Roebuck's position: we warrant the men of Sheffield would not have forgotten the name of their own town.—These invited displays are not the things needed. The public know pretty well what Lord Mahon and Mr. Roebuck think about literature and education; what is far more interesting to them on occasions like this, is to learn what the intelligent artisans of the great towns of the West Riding are thinking of such things in their workshops and in their homes.

Messrs. Ransome & May, of Ipswich,—whose doings in behalf of the social advancement of their work-people have recently produced one of Mr. Pickering's "Little Books on Great Subjects"—have built for their "hands" a workman's hall, which we hope to see a model for similar experiments elsewhere. It has cost, we believe, about 1,000*l*. It contains a library—a reading-room—baths—and a kitchen. It is proposed to grant all the uses of the establishment to the workman on payment of a penny a week. There are to be in connexion with it a number of dormitories, to be let—with cooking and attendance—to those who are unmarried, at a trifle less than threepence a-day. This scheme, it will be seen, embraces the principle of the model lodging-house, and unites with it community of interest and the basis of a sure attachment between the master and his workmen. We have heard that the Messrs. Hoyle, of Manchester, have established some relations of the same kind:—and hope, as we have said, to see the example spread. Such doings are among the good seed of the times.

One of the points which, in spite of revolution and reaction, seemed to have been settled by the consent of all parties in Germany was—a well-regulated freedom of the press. Subject to after trial in the courts of law, every man there for the last twenty months has been at liberty to publish his thoughts without going to the police-office for authority. One of the consequences of this freedom from surveillance is, that a mass of high thoughts, of visionary puerilities, and of indubitable madness, has been put on record

which—in its folly as in its wisdom—will be invaluable to the historian who in a future day shall seek to understand the moral phenomena of this period. With the exception of England in the last days of Charles the First, no other nation ever found so complete an utterance for its every thought.—But there is now an end of this term of free expression. The censorship is not yet formally re-established; but late advices from Vienna report an order of state which requires all booksellers to submit their intended publications to the Prefect of Police:—no exception of any kind being allowed. Men are likely to "speak with bated breath and whispering humbleness" who speak before the Prefect.

The American papers announce that Mr. Bancroft has for a time at least laid politics and diplomacy aside, for literature. He has fixed himself in New York with a view to continuing his historical researches.—The same papers announce the recent decease, in a hospital at Baltimore, of Mr. Edgar A. Poe, whose clever but *convulsive* writings were noticed a few years since in the *Athenæum*. It is to be feared that the place of his death was the inevitable issue of a hard, wild life; since his name has figured in transatlantic journals not as a poet only, but also in controversies of an outrageous violence, far beyond the pale of the most latitudinarian decorum. The works of this author are about to appear, accompanied with a memoir, by Mr. Lowell, and criticism by Mr. Willis and Mr. Griswold.—Professor Longfellow has another volume of poems in the press. Mr. Ticknor announces for publication his Lecture on Spanish Literature.—Mr. Hildreth has just sent forth the concluding volume of his History of the United States.

Mr. Worsae, the distinguished northern antiquary, has furnished us with the following particulars of an ancient gold cross and chain found in the middle of last month by some peasants in the island of Ouné, in the Holbeksfjord in Seeland. It is upwards of three inches in length, and has formerly contained relics of saints. On one side is engraved the figure of Christ on the cross,—and at the end of this cross are two other figures. A hand in the act of benediction, between the signs of the sun and the moon, is over the head of Christ. His feet are standing upon the Dragon. On the side a figure is represented, over the head of which is S(ancta) MA(r)IA—and, besides A and Ω, two small medallions containing representations of two other figures. Around one of these is inscribed *Suni*—perhaps "Sunifwa," the Irish princess who came to Norway, where she was canonized. Above the left arm of Christ is written in Anglo-Saxon characters "ISACOS,"—and below is "OLAF CUNUXE," King Olaf:—from which it is inferred that this cross, with its twisted chain of twenty-nine inches in length, was presented by a certain Isacos to a King Olaf, one of the northern kings during the eleventh century. That this Isacos should be the Emperor Isaac Comnenus of Constantinople seems scarcely probable; as the letters are decidedly Anglo-Saxon, and look as if they had been engraved by the workman who made the cross. This Isacos was probably some distinguished ecclesiastic, archbishop or bishop, in Anglo-Saxon England. Two heads of animals form the ends of the chain. This ornament has been worn round the neck:—and how precious it must have been at that time will be understood when we state that it is even now worth upwards of 35 guineas. It weighs 2½ *lod* or ounces of the very purest gold. The value of it originally was of course far higher. This remarkable relic of antiquity has been deposited in the Royal Museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen. It was found in a field after ploughing.—About the same time, a peasant in Jutland forwarded to the museum a very fine small cross, also of gold, and of the form worn by those who had visited Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Several other golden ornaments—as a beautiful ring for the arm, of splendid workmanship and a golden bracelet belonging to the time of the Vikings—have been deposited in the museum in the course of the past month. The Danish law which secures to the finder immediate payment of the full value of all articles so found, proves daily more and more beneficial to the cause of archaeological science.

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DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOW EXHIBITING, the **VALLEY OF ROSELAUL**, the Oberland, with the effects of the Alps; and the **INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, at FLORENCE**, with all the gradations of light and shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—**S.B. The Grand Machine Organ**, by Gray and Davison, will perform in both Pictures. Open from Ten till Four.

Open Daily, from Eleven to Five, and every Evening, **EXCEPT SATURDAY**, from Seven till Half-past Ten.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.
ROME ILLUSTRATED in a Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS, with a Description, daily at half-past Four, and every evening at a quarter to Ten.—**LECTURES ON THE CHEMISTRY OF FOOD**, by Mr. Ashley, daily at half-past Three, and in the evening at Five o'clock.—**LECTURE, with EXPERIMENTS, on the HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE**, by Dr. Bachhöfer, daily at Two, and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings at Eight o'clock.—**EXHIBITION OF THE OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE—DIVER AND DIVING BELL—THE CHROMA-TROPE—MODELS AND MACHINERY EXPLAINED.**—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Nov. 2.—First Monthly Meeting for the season.—O. Morgan, Esq. in the chair.—The accession of ninety new members since the meeting at Salisbury was announced.—Mr. Newmarch of Cirencester communicated an account of the extensive discoveries of Roman remains recently made in that town, and entered into details connected with the raising and preservation of the mosaic pavements, the liberality of Earl Bathurst in defraying the expenses of the excavations, and his Lordship's intention of erecting a building adjoining the town in which the pavements may be preserved and a general museum formed for the reception of the Roman antiquities from time to time brought to light in the town and its vicinity.

The Rev. F. Lee communicated a Plan and Drawing of Parts of a Roman House, with a large Pavement of Plain Red Mosaic, excavated, during the autumn, in a meadow near St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's.

The Rev. H. Gunner sent an Account, with Plan and Sections, of a Water Conduit, probably Roman, recently brought to light beneath the walls of Winchester.

Mr. Way read a letter from the Rev. E. Jarvis of Hackthorne, giving a Description of a British or Saxon Barrow lately opened by him in the neighbourhood of Lincoln, in which were found parts of a wooden shield, with silver studs and ornaments, and various other remains of some noble warrior there interred.

Mr. Lane gave a Description of the excavation of the Tunnel for the purpose of examining the interior of Silbury Hill. Nothing of a sepulchral nature, our readers know, was found; and as this is the third examination of the hill that has taken place with the same result, the question seems set at rest. The original use of the hill was probably, it was thought, connected with the worship at the Great Temple at Abury,—which is within sight: or it may have been the place of assemblage for civil purposes of a still earlier community.

Mr. Tucker read a letter from Mr. Cooke giving an account of a discovery made in pulling down the north wall of the nave of Rew Stoke Church in Somersetshire. On removing a sculptured figure and niche, a small chamber was found closed by an oak panel let into a moulding; and within a small oaken vessel, in the form of a cup, a mass of dry congealed animal matter—apparently blood. The sculpture on the cup is of earlier date than the architecture of the building which holds it; and it seems not improbable that, at the destruction of the neighbouring Priory Church of Woodspring, it was preserved by the pious zeal of some individual and transferred to the parish church. It has been suggested, as the priory was dedicated to St. Thomas a Becket and founded not long after his murder, that the cup contained a portion of the blood of the archbishop and martyr.

A communication was read from Mr. L. Jones, accompanying some Roman Tiles and Mortar from the ancient foss—proving, as he contended, that the spot whence they were brought is the true site of "Mediolanum," the station between Rutunium and Harvi Mons and on the via from Uriconium to Segontium. The site is Mathrafal between Meifod and Llangynyw, in Montgomeryshire.

A letter from Mr. C. C. Rabbington stated that, with the assistance of Mr. A. Taylor, he had succeeded in the past summer in determining the position of the Roman station at Granchester near

Cambridge:—the hitherto supposed site being unsupported by sufficient evidence.

Amongst articles exhibited, were, three specimens of Limoges enamel:—a Salver, by J. Courtois, from the Royal Collection at Madrid;—a Coffin, covered with paintings of subjects from the Old Testament, in brilliant colours, by "P. Courteys";—and a Portrait of Margarette of Navarre. These were sent by Mr. Webb.—There were also a richly embroidered frontal of an altar, apparently made up of parts of a cope, the work of the end of the fifteenth century, representing the Apostles and other saints, sent by Mr. Hakewill;—a collection of metal and stone celts, flint arrow-heads and other objects, found in a barrow in New Brunswick, by Capt. Wilson, and exhibited by him;—and various Roman objects in bronze, from Mr. Wardell of Leeds, found in the neighbourhood of York.—Mr. Forrest sent a carved ivory comb, with portraits and medallions of the time of Francis the First, apparently a marriage present; also two ancient rings, one steel inlaid with antique paste, the other a crystal in massive gold with a monogram engraved.—Mr. R. Hawkins exhibited a carving on a portion of a walrus tusk, being part of a group from the scene of the Betrayal, fifteenth century.

Mr. Gunner and Mr. Chester sent a collection of antiquities, chiefly found in the county of Norfolk, or at Micheldever, in Hampshire, in railway cuttings.—The Mayor of Lichfield exhibited an ancient object of iron for domestic discipline—being a branks, or scold's bridle.—Mr. Hewett brought a Saxon sword of iron and a Roman spear-head of bronze.—Two rubbings of early brasses from a hospital in Ghent were exhibited by Mr. Way.—A rubbing of a brass cross in Eversley Church, Hampshire, date 1502, on the gravestone of Richard Pendliton, and some ajalais tiles from Binfield Church, Berkshire, were shown by Mr. Franks.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Nov. 5.—Opening Meeting.—Earl de Grey, President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Honorary and Corresponding Members:—The Signor Antolini, Architect, Prof. of the Academy of Fine Arts at Bologna; the Abate Antonio Magrini, and the Signor Miglioranza, Architect, of Vicenza; the Signor Vantini, Architect, of Brescia; Myneer J. B. Weenink, Architect, Director of the Academy at the Hague.—The decease of Herr de Lassaulx of Coblenz, Honorary and Corresponding Member, W. T. Pocock and John Woolley, Fellows, during the recess, was announced. Numerous donations to the Library were laid on the table.—The President, in addressing the meeting, alluded to a statement which had been made some months back as to the powers of the Senate of the University of London to institute examinations for certificates of special proficiency in Architecture, as well as in other professions. By a communication from that body it appears that the new regulation will not at present include Architecture.

A paper on the earlier and later Gothic Architecture of Germany was read by the Rev. W. Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He passed in review the three leading principles which guided the conception of those buildings,—and the abuse which led to the degradation of taste in the later periods.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Nov. 7.—W. Tooke, Esq. in the chair.—An address from the Council was read by the Secretary:—in which they state that their ordinary revenue has increased in seven years from 800*l.* to 1,800*l.*; the whole of which is directly expended in the promotion of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce. That the Society now expends no more money on its establishment of officers and servants than it did in 1841, when its condition was the reverse of prosperous.—The list of candidates contains fifty-one names for election.

Mr. Wyatt read a report on the 11th French Exposition, which will shortly be published for public use,—and the substance of which has already appeared in our columns [*ante*, p. 1077].

In the *Comptes Rendus*, M. Dufrenoy has a very interesting paper on the auriferous sands of several districts,—from which in these gold-seeking days much valuable information is to be obtained. The

gold sands of New Granada collected in the valley of Rio Dolce were found to consist of magnetic and titaniferous iron, zircon, and corundum, with 4 per cent. of matter which is described as "opaque yellow, grey rock, probably quartz, iron pyrites and gold." The sands of the Ural Mountains contain less of the oxides of iron; and their richness in gold is estimated at 0.00256,—while the sands of California are found to give a result of 0.0029. M. Dufrenoy states as a general result obtained from his examination that the gold sands of California appear to be analogous as regards richness to the auriferous diluvium of the Ural Mountains. He gives the following estimate of the probable results to be expected by an individual who devotes himself to gold digging. The products of the Russian mines being published officially, it is found that each workman produces annually about 64*l.* of gold. If from local circumstances, as in California, a man can work only about 200 days in the year, the net daily produce of such a workman would amount to no more than six shillings for each of those days.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Royal Academy, 8.—Mr. Green 'On Anatomy.'
 — Geographical, half-past 8.—Despatch from Sir C. Fitzroy relative to Mr. Kennedy's Expedition in Australia.
TUES. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.
 — Zoological, 3.—Papers by Messrs. Gray, Waterhouse, Gould, A. White, and Dr. Pfeiffer.
WED. Literary Fund, 3.
 — Microscopical, 8.
 — Ethnological, 8.
SAT. Asiatic, 2.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The vacancy occasioned in the class of Associates of the Royal Academy by the elevation of Mr. Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, to the rank of Academician, has been filled up from the same department of Fine Art by the appointment of Mr. John Henry Foley. Where a single Associate has to be selected from a list of forty-eight candidates, the success of one will in most cases be the disappointment of some with claims as good. In himself Mr. Foley is an unexceptionable choice. He is a sculptor of distinction; but his distinction is of a comparatively recent date,—and might well have afforded to wait for the Academical seal until older titles should have been recognized. Perhaps this is not unfelt by the electors themselves; who in their choice among the more distinguished candidates may have been determined by the propriety of maintaining a balance in the representation of the various branches of Art.—In 1839 Mr. Foley took honours as a student in the Academy. In 1844, his 'Youth at a Stream' was exhibited at Westminster Hall; and won from the Commissioners of Fine Arts an order to execute one of the three marble statues then determined on for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Foley's Hampden gave new evidence of his powers, and justified the Commission. Mr. Foley is known to our readers also as a contributor to the annual Exhibitions of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square. Last year he had a subject without a title,—and Innocence, a statuette.

Mr. Green, the Professor of Anatomy, will commence his course of lectures for the season, at the Academy, on Monday evening next,—and continue them on the five succeeding Mondays.

A large and important collection of portraits, illustrative of English history, will, we learn, be submitted to auction early next month:—being part of the collection of the well-known firm of Messrs. Smith, formerly of Lisle Street. Many of the finest proofs and prints after the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds are also, we understand, to be brought to the hammer.

Some of the frescoes of the New Houses of Parliament being on the eve of completion, we shall take an early occasion—when the artists shall have struck their scaffolds (so that the works may be seen entire)—to pay them a visit for the benefit of our readers.

The Continental papers report the death, at Amsterdam, of the Dutch engraver, Langhe, at the age of thirty-nine.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS'S DRAMATIC READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE every MONDAY EVENING (except next Monday) at BLANCKOV'S Rooms, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. On WEDNESDAY next, Nov. 14 (First Time) Romeo and Juliet; Nov. 19 (First Time) Selections from Henry VIII. and Much Ado About Nothing; Nov. 26 (First Time) Coriolanus.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. Commence at Eight.
 * * * Communications respecting Private Readings and Elocutionary Exercises to be addressed, 16, Howard-street, Strand.

Miss DOLBY begs to announce that her FIRST SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at her residence, 2, Hyde Street, Manchester Square, on TUESDAY, the 13th inst. To commence at eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists:—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. A. Novello, and Mr. Lockyer. Instrumental performers:—Miss Kate Loder, Messrs. Palmer, Dando, Gattie, Hill, and Lucas. Subscription tickets for the series, 12s.; single tickets, 10s. 6d. To be obtained only of Miss Dolby, at her residence.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Foreign Chamber Music.

In some London circles, and in many provincial ones (since in the country more time, opportunity, and need also exists for amateur gatherings than in the metropolis), the question "Is there nothing new to play?" begins to circulate as November glooms draw together for scattered violins, celli, and pianofortes practice and pleasure during the long evenings. To a large number of the querists we could answer, "You have not half exhausted the old stores yet!"—and again draw out for their edification a list of works by masters as familiar as Onslow, Spohr, Ries, &c. which are still unknown to the generality. But on the present occasion we will rather mention three fresh compositions not long since selected from a heap of music on the table of a foreign publisher newly established in London.

The first is *A Grand Trio, pour Piano, Violon, et Violoncello*, &c. by H. F. Kufferath, Op. 9.—This work can be taken in hand only by pianists of the very first class with any hopes of a favourable issue, since it is throughout difficult. Its first movement, an *allegro agitato* in E major $\frac{3}{4}$, demands power, abandon and extension of hand to give effect to its subjects, which are not of the newest, and to its passages, which are rather harassing. Its *scherzo*—in E minor, vivace in $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo—seems to us more *baroque* than playful. What has such a direction as "feroce" to do with such a movement?—but it is, nevertheless, well wrought. Its *adagio* in a major has a smooth, flowing subject; the effect of which is aided, not disturbed, by the contrary motion (or pulsation) of the bass. This movement is also naturally conducted to its close; and will repay such players as command steadiness, expressiveness, and richness of tone. This is our favourite division of the *Trio*. Its concluding *allegro molto* in E major (common time) is the most ambitious part of the composition. The words "forced passion" will serve to describe the storm of chords and climaxes with which it commences; and, unluckily, the second subject has not sufficient distinctness to arrest the attention; hence, we are thankful for the two episodic pages (36 and 37), which, though (without play of words) they be something of the flattest, offer to the ear a moment of welcome repose. The working up of this *finale* is brilliant, but will demand the temperance and self-restraint of a master to rescue it from the reproach which belongs to "rant." The new writers for the pianoforte are apt to lose sight of the real genius of the instrument in their resolution to compel from it what it can never be made to yield, orchestral power and vocal expression. In Mr. Kufferath's *Trio* the occupation is pretty well distributed among the instruments; yet, when all is summed and said, it must be commended as clever rather than as original.

Premier *Trio, pour Piano, Violon, et Violoncello*, composé par C. de Beriot, Op. 59.—Every one who has any feeling for grace, elegance, and a certain serene stateliness will be glad to receive a new work from the hand of M. de Beriot, especially since it was feared that he had altogether laid by his power of enriching the solo player's stores with attractive melody and brilliant passage-work. The grim and the prim, the narrow-hearted and the strong-minded, those who would doom men and women to an unvaried diet of beef, ale, and "the staff of life," permitting neither fruits nor flowers on the board,—are given to call such productions as his and May-seder's by hard names. But they cannot prevent those who are less pedantic from taking pleasure in them. And while we must point out that this *Trio* in no respect fulfils the conditions of classical composition, displaying no attempt at elaboration or construction in any of the three movements, a clearness will be found in its subjects, a grace in its melodies, and a natural brilliancy in its passages, which we at least are not classical or cynical enough to disdain. It is eminently available as a chamber-concert piece in any situation where display (especially of the stringed instruments) is the desideratum.

The third work—a *Trio, pour Piano, Violon, et Viola*, par A. Lindblad, Op. 10, has claims of an entirely different quality. We suspect that it may be a composition of some years' standing; since the charming song-writer whose name is but beginning to be widely known, is, nevertheless, we believe, no longer in his first youth. Glad should we be to learn that one so capable of charming should have written, not ten, but ten times ten, works.—The discretion of his choice of instruments is open to question,—since the *viola* offers but a poor and timid substitute for the support which the richer bass of the *violoncello* gives to the pianoforte; but we have here a composition of the most individual cast and quality. This *Trio* is not fitted for a numerous audience; since it is delicately pensive in character, and though deeply expressive, hardly impassioned or brilliant enough to meet the tastes of the time. But by three players, and twice as many recipients, it will be found full of interest,—and, moreover, excellent in being easy to execute without purity. The first subject of the first *allegro* in G minor is clear and sufficient, though not eminently original. But the second melody is so:—new in rhythmical form and tempting in phrase, and leading naturally into a close of the best quality. The second part, too, of this *allegro* is at once free and artful, and the *coda* to the movement is masterly. Then comes a *scherzo* in G minor *allegro molto*: lively, quaint, and neatly contrived, with a lovely *trio* in E major *un poco più lento*. The *andante con moto* is in E flat major $\frac{3}{4}$. The subject of this has great grace and feeling: we do not recollect a happier instance of pauses in melody than here,—a certain intensity being given by them, without the flow of the *cantabile* being broken. This entire *andante* for its expressive but not feeble simplicity has seldom been surpassed by modern writers. The *Trio* is closed by an *allegro assai* in G minor $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo, built on a muscular, bustling subject capable of being alike well handled and effectively relieved. The latter feat is accomplished by a phrase which is as oddly far-fetched as if it came from Halévy's mint, the intervals and the harmonies being such as at first positively suggest the idea of wrong notes. There is no getting it out of the ear; though we leave wiser critics than ourselves to decide how far it is legitimate or admissible. In this *finale*, again, Herr Lindblad shows his quiet mastery over composition; but more welcome than even this is the indescribable and incommunicable freshness and peculiarity of tone pervading the entire composition. We are reminded neither of Mozart, nor of Haydn, nor of Hummel, nor of Beethoven, nor of Mendelssohn. The melodies are as distinct as Schubert's,—yet they bear no resemblance to those of the Viennese *lied*-writer: while the work is utterly free from that diffuseness which disfigures Schubert's instrumental compositions, and which stands betwixt his beautiful *Symphony* and popularity,—in a day when a new and popular *Symphony* would be so valuable a gift. Not, however, to mislead any one by the high commendation which we must here close, let us emphatically repeat that the merits of this composition are of a delicate, tranquil, and intellectual order; to be studied and tasted in leisure, and in quietness—like pages of the choicest, not the strongest nor most fervid, poetry. Few, however, will thus address themselves to consider Herr Lindblad's *Trio* without an increased desire of further acquaintance with him as a composer.

MARYLEBONE.—A new spectacle drama in three acts was produced on Wednesday. It is the work of a Mr. J. Ebsworth—and possesses no inconsiderable degree of merit. Much of the dialogue is in blank verse. We cannot speak largely in favour of the poetry, which was composed of obvious commonplace; but there was an elevation in the style gained from the rhythm that went far to sustain the scene. The title is "The Crusaders." These soldiers of the Cross are presented as they were at the end of the eleventh century, when their early enthusiasm had given way to profligacy and self-interest. In the idea of the story there is something Homeric. An Emir of the Arab Tribe (Mr. Johnstone) is subdued by Beaumont of Schwartzneck (Mr. Norton)—and his daughter is made captive. The old man comes with presents for her redemption to the camp of the Crusaders. He meets with insult, not compassion. One of the Knights of the Cross, however, is of a better

spirit than the rest.—Baldwin of Eichenkrat (Mr. Davenport)—and he takes up the father's quarrel. He combats with Beaumont for possession of the maiden. Both are wounded in the conflict, but Baldwin is the victor; and the maiden being surrendered to him, he restores her to her parent. Baldwin has been followed to the wars by his lady-love, Emma von Falkenstein (Miss Fanny Vining); but not meeting with her warrior, who had been long in captivity, she, though betrothed, enters a convent and becomes a nun. Just at this juncture, the wounded Baldwin enters within the walls of the convent for refuge. A meeting of the lovers takes place. Emma is adjudged to have violated her vow, and doomed to be immured in a living tomb. Baldwin would have been powerless to aid her but for the gratitude of the old Arab; who arrives on the spot with some freed Christians whom he had set at liberty by way of return to Baldwin for having restored his daughter. These readily join the knight, and deliver Emma from the dreadful death to which she had been sentenced.—The play, so far as the three principal parts were concerned, was well and even powerfully, acted. In other respects, the rendering was deficient. The inherent force of the situations, however, commended the drama to the sympathies of the audience,—and the curtain fell to general applause.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Webster has adapted the French piece 'Le Tigre de Bengale' to the English stage, under the title of 'The Laughing Hyena.' He performs, himself, the jealous husband who translates the innocent actions of his opposite neighbour into anonymous signals intended for his own wife. The incidents resulting are amusing in their way; but not being, as Mr. Webster himself acknowledged, sufficiently "well worked up," they produced a considerable degree of opposition,—which was allayed only by the manager's apology.—The farce has since been repeated with better success.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Friday week, Goldsmith's comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer' was performed; in which Mr. Nye as Tony Lumpkin won much applause. The heroine was cleverly sustained by Miss Fitzpatrick; and Mr. Marston as the bashful lover was amusingly effective. In *Old Hardcastle*, Mr. Younge was in his element.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Within the last few days we have been informed that a Sebastian Bach Society is in process of formation among our musicians—among the principal promoters of which is Mr. W. S. Bennett. The name at once suggests the idea of publication: we believe, however, that no measures of the kind are in contemplation,—but that the Society will rather devote itself to the study and production, so far as may be possible, of the vast and various stores of this peculiar and admirable master's music. An association for purposes of Art so high and meritorious as this claims the best wishes of all amateurs. Though our opinion may appear strange, we think that the Society has a better chance of permanence as a performing than as a publishing body. So numerous are the works of Sebastian Bach—so widely scattered—and, owing to the great amount of MS. copies containing such discrepancies, &c.,—that a uniform edition is beyond the power of any Society save one endowed with sufficient funds to remunerate a musician of the highest class who should exclusively devote himself to the task of verification and collation. And, further, the one competent editor is gone in Dr. Mendelssohn. But the gentlemen of the Bach Society may perform very great service as openers of sealed books. They cannot do this—so as in any manner satisfactorily to exhibit the Master of Leipzig in all his glory—without giving a great impulse to organ playing. They may possibly, too, accomplish that which we have been asking for during some dozen years past,—namely, the production of Sebastian Bach's grand choral works, which are as yet almost unknown in England. They could commence their labours worse than by inquiring into the fate of the Grienker collection of musical MS., &c., in Brunswick,—which, we believe, was rich in the works of Bach. In any event, such a body can hardly hold together for a

couple of years, without some knowledge accruing from its continuance.

By the gossip, rather than by the reporter "of office proud," may be recorded the proceedings of M. Jullien: whose Promenade Concerts seem this year to "take the town" as completely as they have done in former seasons. Some—but not much—good orchestral music is given each evening. For the moment, M. Jullien's great show-piece is a selection from 'Le Prophète'; and his singer is Mlle. Jetty de Treff, whose popular airs and pretty looks make up precisely such singing as suits the meridian of the promenaders. Then, there is a reading-room fitted up with "news from all nations"—among the rest, Chinese papers (!) for the benefit, we presume, of those who come to take counsel about the traffic in bohea and opium, with cymbal, gong, Herr König, and Mr. V. Collins *obligato*! These entertainments, in short, can hardly be treated as artistic exhibitions; and yet they are not without their grain of good,—while they are carried through with a liberality which, after its kind, merits thanks and praise.—Herr Ernst is announced to appear at the Wednesday Concert next week.

Such readers as have followed our criticisms upon the music catered for the frequenters of cheap concerts will understand our pleasure in a notice which appeared in the *Manchester Examiner* of the 31st ult., setting forth that the announcement of Handel's Dettigen 'Te Deum' brought one of the largest audiences which has been yet witnessed at the Concerts for the People:—not less than four thousand persons having been present. The *solos* in the 'Te Deum' and also the songs in a miscellaneous act which followed were executed entirely by local professors,—counting Mrs. Sunderland among the number.—We may here notice the decease of Mr. Isherwood, a concert, glee and oratorio singer of some repute in Lancashire.

A New England newspaper announces the death of the best English melodist of our time,—Mr. Charles E. Horn. This took place on the 21st of last month, in his sixty-fifth year,—at Boston: in which city Mr. Horn fixed his residence two years ago. One so gifted as he ought not to have been driven upon absenteeism. For gifted he was, with that rarest of rare things—a vein of true melody. His was neither Italian, French, nor German,—but freshly, gracefully English. The three most popular ballads of their time,—'Cherry ripe,' 'I've been roaming,' and 'The deep, deep sea,' bearing no family likeness one to the other, have all natural, charming tunes—not handled by receipt or conceit,—but each finished with certain nice and delicate touches beyond the reach of the mere manufacturer. Had Mr. Horn possessed a larger amount of science, he might have become the opera composer of England; but the influx of foreign music took away from him his occupation in the theatre,—while the failure of his voice interrupted his career as a singer. Three or four seasons ago, he gave in London a performance of an Oratorio,—which failed, owing to the total want of due preparation. But his name will be remembered by the songs of which mention has been made, and by one or two besides.

Foreign journals acquaint us that Weber's 'Der Freischütz' is to be shortly given at Berlin,—with the recitatives, as substitute for the spoken dialogue, added for France by M. Berlioz. Nothing doubting the composer's fitness for his task, we cannot but feel that in the birthplace of the most popular of German operas such a performance is a mistake amounting to almost irreverence. When we naturally hesitate to recommend the remodelling of an opera which is incompletely successful from its being encumbered with a stupid story, such as 'Euryanthe'—or of another which is so entirely unrepresentable as the 'Medea' of Cherubini, from fear of establishing bad precedents,—we cannot but feel as if such a measure as the one mentioned is a work of supererogation and ungraceful innovation.—We hear that Mr. Balfe is at present travelling in Germany to superintend the production of his operas. The 'Bohemian Girl' has just been given under his superintendence, with great success, at Frankfurt. There, too, Mlle. Crivelli has been found one of "the best singers" who has sung in the Free Town. If such criticism be sincere, we hardly wonder at the death of vocalists in Ger-

many.—Herr Dorn, formerly of Cologne, has been appointed to replace Herr Nicolai as *Kapellmeister* at Berlin.—Bavaria, meanwhile, seems to have shaken herself out of her dream of "German unity,"—and to be resuming those more peaceful pursuits which, whatever be their final influence on Art, operate to the attraction of tourists and the profit of Munich hotel-keepers. On the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Orlando Lassò at Munich, an eulogium was pronounced by Grand Marshal Baron de Laroche, and a *cantata* written for the occasion by Herr *Kapellmeister* Stuntz was performed by the artists of the Opera, the King's Chapel, the three Philharmonic Societies of Munich, and a number of other *dilettanti* and musicians.—The 'Requiem' of Mozart was solemnly sung at Vienna at the funeral of Herr Strauss,—the principal vocalists being Madame Hasselt Barth and Herr Staudigl.—Herr Markull, who dates from the more northern latitude of Dantzic—at which place he is *Kapellmeister*,—has in some sort entered the lists against M. Meyerbeer, by composing an opera entitled 'Sion,' of which *John of Leyden* is the hero.

The company mentioned as engaged by Mr. Anderson for Drury Lane, will include the following artists:—Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Ternan, Miss Phillips, and Miss Vandenhoff; Messrs. Vandenhoff, C. Fisher, Cooper, S. Artaud, B. Baker, and Angel,—the Deulin family for the pantomimists. Mr. G. H. Rodwell is said to be engaged upon a spectacle as well as upon the pantomime. It is significant enough that in the notice of yet another attempt to replace the legitimate drama in one of its old temples, we should read of "spectacle and pantomime" as in progress,—but not of new plays. The former, however, we suppose, form an indispensable feature in a house on the scale of Drury Lane Theatre.—It is rumoured that Mr. Brooke is to appear at the Olympic Theatre with Miss Addison.

A French journal professes to have received from St. Petersburg tidings of the triumph of a new German dancer, Mlle. Yrka Mathias,— "who walks," the writer asserts, "or rather flies, in the steps of the Taglioni and the Ceritos." This association does not inspire credence. We cannot think that the writer who couples so exquisite an artist and so clever a mechanist in the same simile is to be trusted when pronouncing on the merits of a new aspirant. Taglioni and Cerito!—as well say Rossini and Ricci! But in spite of this oversight, we hope that Mlle. Yrka will prove a great and original dancer,—for the sake of the ballet, if ballet is still to exist.

Theatricals seem to be in a thriving state on the other side the Atlantic. A New York paper, reporting upon the Broadway Theatre, records the very great success of Miss Cushman who is playing the round of her characters, in the following account of "Guy Mannering":—

"The house, if anything, was more populous than the jam on the first night of Miss Cushman's engagement. Her transatlantic laurels, acquired in the personation of this prophetic gipsy, stimulated the public curiosity to see it for themselves. The play itself is rather a poor concern. It hinges upon a general plot, ingenious and well sustained; but the result is a small affair—the restoration of a young man to his property. The gipsy meetings, the plots and counter-plots, the terrible warnings and prophecies of the maniac, are quite enough, if judiciously administered, to blow up two or three small kingdoms."

We must make room for a passage from a second notice of the same excellent actress and worthy woman, which is even "more exquisite still." Speaking of her in the same character, *Meg Merrilies*, the writer continues:—

"Attractive as it is to the thousands who go to witness it, we confess there is such a striking similitude to what we have conceived to be the raving maniac in real life, in the 'counterfeit resemblance' of Miss Cushman, that we would prefer her *Queen Catherine* as sufficiently terrible for all practicable purposes."

The above paragraphs are little less preciously worded than the criticism which commiserated *Macbeth* as "a middle-aged Scotch gentleman in difficulties."—Mr. Westland Marston's 'Strathmore' is, on the same authority, said to have pleased greatly at the Bowery Theatre.—Italian opera has its strongest hold at the Havana: where Mlles. Steffanoni and Bosio are the *prime donne*, Mlle. Vietti the *contralto*, and Signor Marini the *basso profondo*.—Two rival companies are about to start at New York; one under the direction of M. Maretzek, with Mlle. Bertucat for *prima donna*.—We are glad to state that the rumour of Madame Laborde's death by cholera proves to

have been a false report, and to hear that the lady is on her way to—if not already arrived in—Europe.—A good deal of information concerning musical matters in America will be found in the 'Message Bird'—a periodical principally devoted to the art. Its original sketches of European artists, however, are so needlessly incorrect (and on those precise points concerning which there can be no mistake) as naturally to inspire mistrust concerning the general accuracy of the publication: and since writing the above, we have observed that our own *Dramatic and Musical Review* lays claim to the "stuff" of more than one criticism in the Transatlantic periodical by citing parallel passages, &c.

A new five-act comedy in verse, entitled 'Les Deux Hommes,' has just been produced at the *Théâtre Français*. The author is M. Adolphe Dumas: son, we presume, to Alexandre the Great.—It is now asserted in some of the French papers that Mlle. Rachel is about to quit the stage altogether,—and that she is on the eve of being married to M. Rodrigues, a merchant at Bordeaux. Play-goers have good cause to hope that this is but a threat of a French Mrs. Harris!

MISCELLANEA

Casting of Specula.—Mr. Potter requires me to show what the "improvements" which he claims as his invention were published and practised previous to 1831. To any one acquainted with the subject, I think my statement was sufficiently explicit; but it is easy to answer his challenge. As to per-oxide of iron, he surely must know that it is the usual process of analysis to precipitate iron from its solutions by ammonia, and by ignition of the hydrate bring it to the state of per-oxide. For one instance out of a multitude, let him look to Howard's 'Examination of Meteoric Iron,' *Phil. Trans.*, 1842. In 'Rees's Cyclopædia' (about 1814), 'Iron,' it is stated, that the black oxide obtained by an alkali from the solutions of this metal in acids, if "dried and exposed to the air in a red heat, assumes a red colour, and constitutes the substance known in the arts by the name of *colcothar* or *crocus*." In Henry's 'Chemistry,' 1818, we find that "if the black oxide be dissolved in nitric acid, precipitated by ammonia, washed, dried and ignited at a low red heat, it is found to be converted into a red oxide;" and in the 'Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica,' 1822, that if a little nitric acid be mixed with sulphate of iron, the precipitate by ammonia when ignited gives the same result. This, I suppose, is all that can be required to "substantiate" the plea *not new*. And as to the casting, Mr. Potter can claim but this, that he cast on a metal surface very small specula, and that he recommended the process to be applied to large ones without in the least ascertaining its possibility. Now, the importance of preserving the chilled surface was pointed out by Molyneux 120 years ago, and indeed could not be overlooked by any one who worked with it; the means of doing this on a large scale were first discovered by Lord Rosse. As to small specula, they were first cast in chills by Mr. Cuthbert, the celebrated improver of the reflecting microscope, by Mr. Nasmyth, by Mr. Grubb, and by myself before 1831. Nay, more, the same principle was tried on larger specula by various persons. In Molyneux's *Memoir* (Smith's 'Optics,' p. 305) we find that he used his mirrors in hot moulds of brass,—though without recommending the process. Lord Stanhope appears to have done something similar, if I understand rightly the statement by Mr. Varley which is published in 'Kitchenier on Telescopes.' Mr. Little, in a very good *Memoir* (*Trans. Royal Irish Academy*, vol. x.), mentions that he cast the small metals of his Gregorian telescope in hot brass moulds; but preferred making them of bits nicked from an ingot, the other method was very uncertain. If Mr. Potter object that in these cases the cast is not "chilled" because the mould is heated, I refer him to any great iron-founder,—and must also tell him that a speculum of any size will assuredly crack if it cool below redness before being transferred to the annealing furnace. I have said so much, because otherwise I might be subject to the imputation of making statements which I could not substantiate; but having given my authorities, I shall not think it necessary to revert to this discussion.

T. R. ROBINSON.

Injury to Pictures in the Vernon Gallery.—Every one must heartily sympathize with Mr. Hart at finding one of his best pictures, if not his very best, injured, however slightly, by the carelessness of the draughtsman. But though this accident is one of sincere regret to all lovers of Art, we should have left the injurer to his deserved fate in being dismissed, were it not that it affords another point of higher consideration,—that it is an additional proof of the perfect unfitness of this black hole for the reception of works of Art. It is well known that a certain resinous substance called asphaltum or bitumen is one of the pigments most in use by the colourists of the English school. It is, also, well known, that heat has a tendency to mollify this substance; and probably from this cause the draughtsman, who may hitherto have applied his squaring lines with impunity, in this instance placed them in contact with the softened surface of the picture. The atmosphere that pervades the Vernon Gallery is often close, not

to use a more offensive expression,—from the immense concourse of people, first,—secondly, from the smallness of the rooms and from the lights being exposed to the sun all day. Unfortunately, this is not the first instance of mischief from this cause. The *chef-d'œuvre* of Hilton has suffered in the same way. One fine day, long black streaks of bitumen quietly slid over the female figure: the picture was taken away and put upside down, and has never been seen since. It is high time that something be done to rescue the pictures from danger resulting from accident or carelessness. The atmosphere is first to be looked to:—and we should strongly recommend the putting up of a thermometer,—as well as some more efficient means to protect pictures from the pokes and scrapes of the rushing public. The surface of Mr. Webster's beautiful picture of the "Dame's School" is, in our opinion, scratched far worse than Mr. Hart's; as in the latter the regular stripes are over a piece of carpet and rabbi's gown, whereas in Mr. Webster's the scratch is over one of the boy's faces. It will always be, the case as long as the pictures remain in this den.—*Daily News*.

The *British Association*.—I was glad to read your observations at page 1043 of the *Athenæum*, in reference to this Association; and hope they may stimulate such of its members as have undertaken the preparing of reports upon various branches of Science to greater exertion. Many of these reports have been called for several years since. The object, however, of this communication is to complain of the length of time consumed in the preparation of the annual Volume of Reports and Papers. It has, I believe, been a complaint for years that such Annual Report is not furnished to the members until within a few days of the ensuing annual meeting, the day is impending. Now, this day is the day of the Association; for as many fresh points of scientific inquiry are brought forward each year in the different Sections, and published in the Reports, these points if the Reports were published earlier would no doubt be canvassed at the subsequent meetings. According to the present system it is impossible to prepare papers for that purpose; as the members obtain the Reports only the preceding year only at the meeting, or a day or two previously. There can be no doubt that the volume of Transactions may, if proper means were used, be in the hands of the members within six months after the annual meeting. I heard this matter complained of at the Oxford Meeting; and a resolution was passed by the General Committee—and may be found in page xx of the volume for that year—"to ensure an earlier delivery," &c. Nothing has, however, been done in the matter; and although I dissent from dividing the volume as suggested by that resolution, I am satisfied that the present delay is not necessary. The fault cannot rest with our pains-taking secretary, Professor Phillips;—but as the cost of publication forms a pretty large item in the annual expenditure, I hope those who have the conduct of it will use a little more despatch to remedy the matter complained of.

Mechanical Leech.—The *Journal des Débats* describes a discovery which occupies the attention of the French scientific world. It is a mechanical leech, invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer already celebrated for his useful discoveries. All scientific bodies, after satisfactory trials, have, it is said, caused this leech to be adopted in all the hospitals; having proved the immense economy of its use, and the decided advantage which it has over the natural leech,—which is often scarce, always repugnant to the patient, and sometimes dangerous.

Electro-Telegraphic Progress.—While the cost of a telegraphic line in England is 150*l.* a mile, in America and Prussia it is under 20*l.* a mile. The telegraph in Prussia consists of one wire, extending over 1,402 miles, under ground, and covered with gutta percha. Like those in America, it is by Morse, and it is said to be capable of transmitting 1,000 words an hour. There are upwards of 10,000 miles of telegraph line in America, all worked cheaply. In England there are only 2,000 miles in operation.—*The Builder*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. H.—J. D.—W. B. J.—A. S.—J. de R.—B. V.—Quero—received.

E. R.—A correspondent, under this signature, more smart than civil would have found, had he waited until to-day, that the *Athenæum* can correct its own slip of the pen without being indebted to his discourtesy. In our last week's review of "Shirley"—by one of those chances the rarity of which (not their number) is the curiosity in journalism—the position of one of the heroines was accidentally misstated,—Caroline Helstone having been represented as the daughter of the clergyman militant; whereas she is his niece. The error, though important to the story, is of small consequence to the review. Our correspondent must have seen that the incident to which he adverts as having been overlooked by us was indicated in our allusion to M. Scribe and his manner of carrying through his surprises.

Erratum.—British Association.—In our report of the Physical Section, p. 1016, col. 3, l. 7, the name "Mr. Latta," mentioned by Sir David Brewster as the manufacturer of a species of cloth said to be incombustible, should have been *Latto*.

THE LATE DR. WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR.

The Committee appointed to receive subscriptions for the family of the late WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, L.L.D., beg to offer the following statements, as forming the grounds of the appeal which the necessity and the charity of the case compel them to make in behalf of his widow and orphan children.

The late Doctor Taylor, throughout his literary career, devoted the extensive acquirements, the unwearied industry, and the great abilities with which he was endowed in no ordinary degree, to the education of youth and the general amelioration of mankind. In order to aid the minds of the young, he undertook the re-modelling of those ordinary school-books, whose dry uninteresting style had rendered them too often distasteful to the student; and in re-writing, explaining, and adding new and attractive matter, he rendered them so inviting as to have been formerly the reverse, and this task, from which a man of his lively talents might have been expected to turn with aversion, was to him a labour of love.

In his zealous endeavours for the promotion of education he had acquired such a mass of information, that his opinion was sought by eminent men in every department, and of different political views; and he was employed by the British Government to inquire into the systems of education on the Continent, in order to collect facts for the advantage of the youth of Great Britain.

Instead of dedicating his pen to light and merely amusing writing, he devoted himself to the less lucrative, though far more laborious task of instructive literature, especially in the departments of History and Criticism. He was connected with most of the periodicals and leading journals of the day, and was also a member of various literary and scientific institutions. Everything tending to social and moral improvement, and to progress in civilization, received his aid, and he was ever ready to assist or to exert.

From his career of usefulness and indefatigable exertion, he has been suddenly removed by cholera; and has left a widow and four children, a son and three daughters, the eldest child eleven years of age, and the youngest an infant, who have thus lost their protector and support—one from whose ability and industry they might have reasonably hoped that he had spared to have been placed in a state of independence. The only provision that can be calculated upon with any degree of certainty for their future maintenance, and for the education of the children, does not exceed seventy pounds per annum.

The Committee trust that the children of one whose labours were so incessant for the improvement of the rising generation, will be considered as having a strong claim on public sympathy; and that while encouragement and emoluments are liberally bestowed on those whose writings were designed merely to gratify the imagination, some tribute of regard will be paid to the memory of a man whose life was devoted to the service of his country, and to the general and solid utility.

To the above statement and appeal the Committee beg leave to append a list of some of Dr. Cooke Taylor's principal works:—

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- History of Christianity.
- History of the Jews of Ireland.
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Committee Rooms, Provost's House, Trinity College, Dublin.

(Signed) RALPH SADLER, Clk. Secretary.

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